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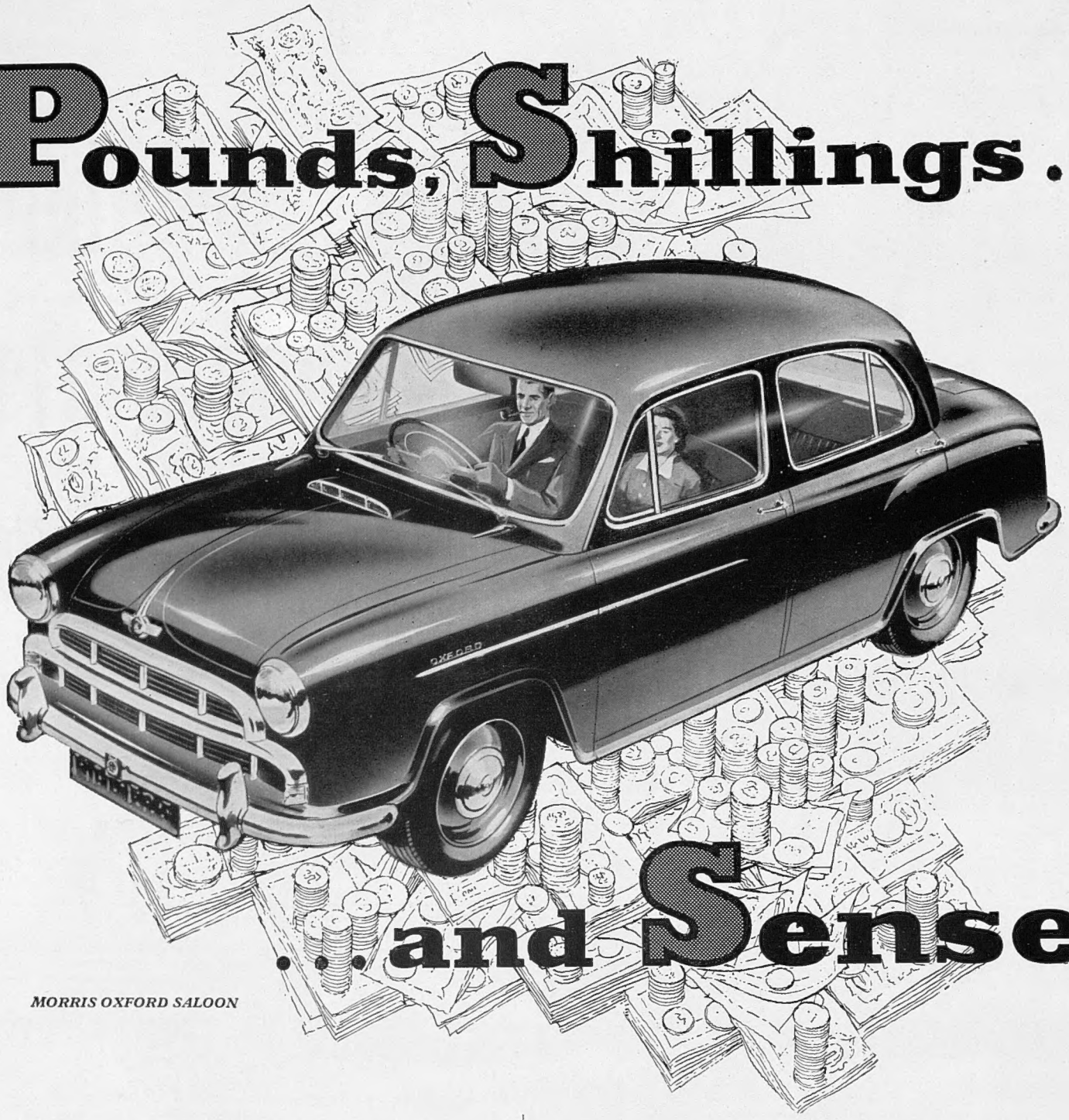

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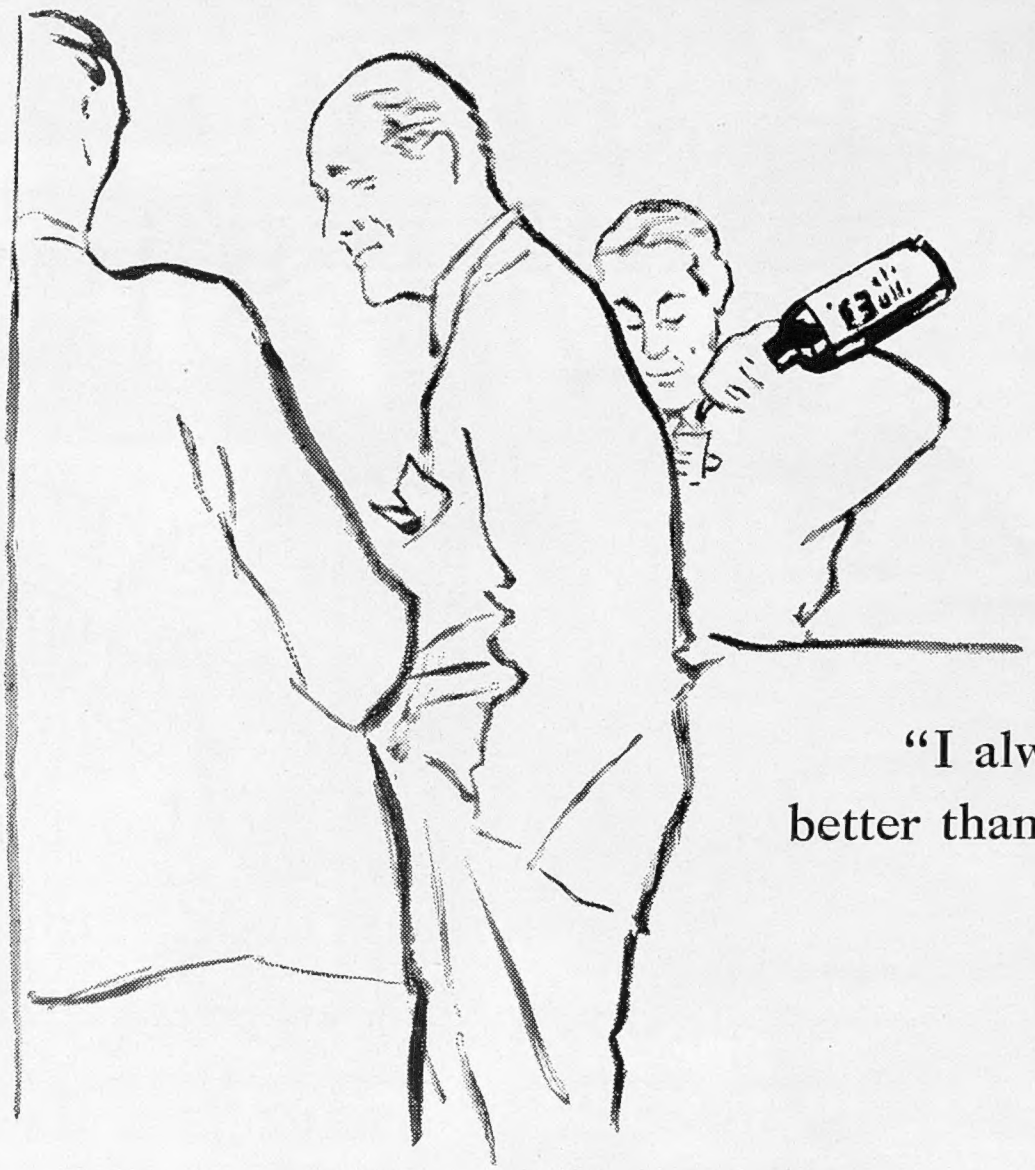

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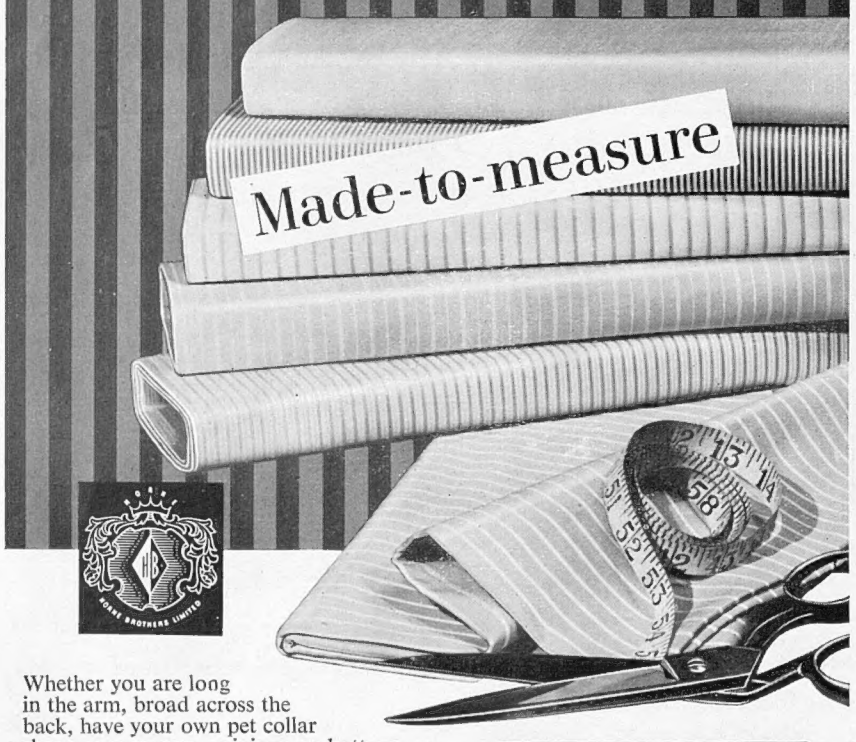

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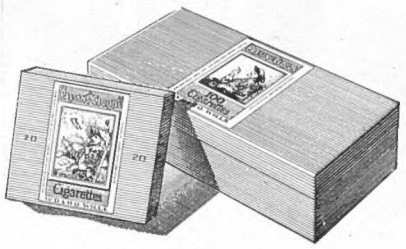

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Volume CCXXIII No. 2909 The SPHERE, London, November 12, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE UNVEILING OF THE MERCHANT NAVY MEMORIAL ON TOWER HILL—THE QUEEN COMES DOWN THE STEPS, ON THE LEFT, INTO THE WAR MEMORIAL, AFTER SHE HAD UNVEILED IT IN LONDON LAST SATURDAY: The memorial, designed by Sir Edward Maufe, is a sunken garden surrounded by panels bearing 24,000 names. Behind it is the Merchant Navy Memorial for the 1914-18 War. Among those at the ceremony were 16,000 relatives of the Merchant Navy's dead of the last war.

In the shadow of the Tower of London and Tower Bridge, the Queen spoke of the memorial standing "in this place which has been for centuries the very heart of the maritime life of our nation." Then, quoting Walt Whitman's "A Song of all Seas, all Ships," she added, "It is indeed 'a token of all brave captains and all intrepid sailors and mates, and all that went down doing their duty.'" Accompanying Her Majesty was the Duke of Edinburgh. Also present were the Duke of Gloucester, the Prime Minister, representatives of the Commonwealth and the chiefs of the Services. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, conducted the dedication service and the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Professor G. D. Henderson, said some of the prayers. In the garden were the band and trumpeters of the Royal Marines in their white helmets and blue uniforms. After the unveiling and dedication, the Queen walked down into the garden and moved round the huge semi-circle of relatives of the dead. (Another picture and details of the memorial are on page 302.)

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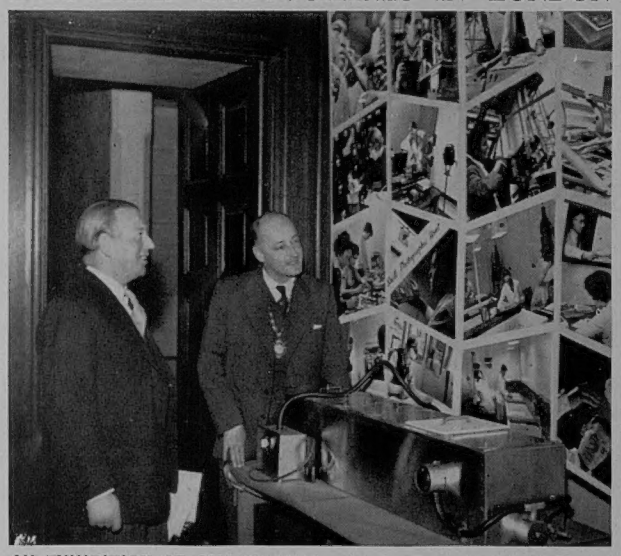
AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS

A PEER LETS HIS HOME TO AN AMERICAN AIR FORCE OFFICER : From left are Captain Robert L. Foster, of the Financial Department of the United States 3rd Air Force in Britain ; Colonel V. H. King and Colonel R. J. Goewey (both also of the U.S. 3rd Air Force) ; and Lord Lucan. Outside the Houses of Parliament Lord Lucan is handing over the lease of Wake's Colne Place, in Essex, to Captain Foster. Lord Lucan offered him his house standing in 2 acres of land for what is described as an "amazingly reasonable" rent on an eighteen-month lease.

SWITZERLAND THANKS BRITAIN

THE LAKE OF GENEVA'S REPRESENTATIVES AT THE MANSION HOUSE, IN LONDON : Miss Ruth Imbach (left) from Lausanne, and Miss Brigitte Buchli, of Montreux, present the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, with a miniature music-box. This was a mark of appreciation from the Geneva tourist region to the number of British who visited the Geneva area this year.

INDUSTRIAL PHOTOGRAPHS IN LONDON



AN EXHIBITION AT CAXTON HALL : At the Industrial Staff Photographers' Conference in Westminster, Mr. Derek Walker-Smith (left), the recently appointed Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, looks at some of the pictures in the exhibition of the work of industrial photographers. Mr. Walker-Smith had just opened the conference. With him is Mr. John Bryson, who is the President of the Institute of British Photographers.

YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM ?

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Senseless in Gaza.—Not since 1949 has hostility on the Gaza borders reached such a scale as it did last week. Nerves, strained tempers, suspicion and rumours all played their parts in the resumption of reprisal and vendetta incidents on a small scale which grew last week into something like a pitched battle which claimed seventy dead and many more wounded and prisoners on either side. The Communist nations have violently disturbed the balance of power by the promise and supply of arms to Egypt and Arab countries, and Israel has grounds for the fears which are breeding these rumours and suspicions which lead to border incidents and appear to be beyond the Government's power to control, if they would. But the Security Council must not delay any longer to try once more to separate the combatants and hold them apart by force of arms if necessary. It has not considered the dangers at Gaza since September, and dangerous weeks have gone by since then. If Russia is cool about intervention, if the Western Powers hold divergent views on the methods of approach, the Western Powers are not absolved from taking instantly such action as is possible after the Security Council has met, to avert a fearful danger to world peace.

Thunder of Canons.—If newspaper circulations bounded up satisfactorily from the exploitation of what was called the Townsend story, it may be that some congregations at Sunday morning services have, here and there, shown satisfactory improvements from the hope of sensational pronouncements from the pulpits. Some congregations have not been disappointed and a majority of those preachers who seized the occasion to pronounce, made clear the Church's line. One or two preachers dissented, pointing out loopholes in Holy Writ. During such mercifully rare occasions when the affairs of public persons create mass hysteria and deplorable exhibitions of bad taste, the vicar who takes as his text :

> "Be swift to hear, slow to speak," or
> 'The tongue is an unruly member"

will always collect my money, if he keep his breath to warm his church these chilly days. The time was past for canons to right of us, canons to left of us, to thunder from the pulpits. The juggernaut, left spinning so long, was out of control and was best left to work itself out. It has worked itself out before the canons fired their salvoes. No doubt at all, ideally the churches are right to bring politics and high matters of State into the field of religion, but it takes a deal of experience and training to touch on these topics to the satisfaction of congregations, and amateurs in the pulpit and the aisle are well advised to stick to simpler themes. There is still a lot of ground to make up in grounding us all in the A.B.C. of Christianity, without specialising in prayers for a right judgment by named Ministers or other public figures. A right judgment in all things is needed by all of us and should be a mass request to Heaven.

Surprises and Jolts.—A very few months ago the Government stood high enough in public esteem, the path before it at home and abroad seemed smoother and more easy than for a long time. We looked to settled Government and more prosperous times for several years at home ; and, abroad, a much faster progress to world settlement and the relaxation of tension between East and West had been confidently expected by Government spokesmen *after* the result of the General Election was declared. And certainly these things may come yet. No need to bid a long farewell to Sir Anthony's greatness. But it is wise for all our leaders and venerated institutions never to forget Wolsey's idea of the state of man.

> ". . . To-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms
> And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
> And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
> His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root. . . ."

It is hard on a Government, which has been urged to re-learn the art of courageous governing, to be jolted by an attempt to do so. The probability of obstructions unforeseen on the road to international settlement was always great. There seems no doubt that Mr. Butler's Supplementary Budget and the troublemakers in the Middle East, the state of France, the *impasse* in the Saar and the opening moves at Geneva have given the Government a jolt. It will recover. As for Mr. Butler's Budget, it is *we* who have been the little wanton boys who have swum on bladders far beyond our depth, and we may come to admit it, and no doubt the wanton boys abroad will come to their senses one day. But the probability of shocks and set-backs should never be forgotten ; and eternal vigilance is the price of public confidence and respect and even veneration when the nation is known to react very sharply to any turns which affect its pocket or its religion.

A Bad Press for Mr. Butler.—Mr. Butler certainly had a bad Press for his Supplementary Budget. He has been flayed by his natural opponents and criticised by all too many of his natural supporters. His chief crime has been to think more of the pound than of the pence, to abandon any hope of reducing the cost of living and recklessly to include the "workers" in the duty of renewed austerity. His faith in the loyal support of the unions in all measures to save the country's economy from collapse might have been jolted before October. It must have been shaken by the instantaneous reaction of two big unions—the Miners and N.U.R.—to press more pay claims, quickly and more vigorously. Apropos, I recall a little news item which recently caught my eye. Some miners vigorously complained of the quality of their almost free privileged ration of coal. It was full of slate and dirt. It might do for the public : it certainly wouldn't do for them. And so with Mr. Butler's new measures. The public can stand for them, if they please, but not the miners. But second thoughts, after consultation between the T.U.C. and the Cabinet, may yet induce wiser, more patriotic response. By and large, I suppose this Budget at the stage at which it stands at the moment has done the Government no good, but Budgets are designed to show their virtues at a later date than on the day they are announced and, since even Chancellors and treasury experts are known to be human and fallible, they should have a chance to prove themselves exceptions before total condemnation. And so with Governments. Sir Anthony's should have some years in which to pull some chestnuts out of the fire for us, and that is a job for brave hearts and cool, confident hands.

The Problem of Noise.—It has been said that human beings are capable of accommodating themselves to new conditions very readily and, no doubt, in a variety of living creatures changes in their make-up over centuries are proof that they have succeeded in developing physical safeguards against new stresses and dangers. City children develop an eye at the back of their heads, rabbits acquire the means to mitigate the effects of new diseases, and *homo sapiens* discarded his tail when he ceased to hang from branches. Noise has always been regarded as a stress and often as a danger to health, and noise for two centuries at least has been a stress in cities, whether it was caused by iron tyres grinding on cobbles or gear-changes in motor-buses. Now it is universal ; the countryside shares its intensified miseries with the cities and, indeed, in noises from the air takes by far the larger share. Whether the country-dweller lives near an aerodrome or remote from one, on busy flying days he is a victim of noise which for periods up to a minute may make it quite impossible to sustain conversation, and demands much self-control

HELP FOR CHILDREN FROM CHILDREN

PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, RECEIVES PURSES FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHILDREN'S SOCIETY AT THE FOUNDERS' DAY FESTIVAL AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL : Looking on (centre), as a child curtsies after making her presentation, is the Bishop of London, Dr. Wand. Appeals on behalf of the Society, which was formerly known as the Waifs and Strays, are made periodically throughout the country. At the moment, in the London area a Personal Endeavour Campaign is being carried out in Walthamstow to raise £500. Among the many money-raising ventures arranged by the organisers have been an autumn fair and a house-to-house collection in the parish of St. Barnabas.

to endure it. I understand that remedies are hard to find and certainly none adopted so far have reduced the volume of sound. Indeed, every year these dreadful noises increase. It is a proof of the seriousness of the problem that throughout the countryside in many courts of justice and committee rooms, without direction or suggestion from the chairman, it has become common practice for speakers or witnesses to break off short when the noise reaches its height and resume only when the din no longer bars the possibility of normal hearing. That is clear proof that the problem is now serious.

Telephone Charges.—Time was when the services provided by the P.M.G. seemed wonderfully efficient and prosperous by their efficiency. Nowadays they are costly and not universally satisfactory. You must be rich to send a parcel by post, lucky to have a telephone installed, lucky to get quickly on to "Enquiries" or "Telegrams," lucky to get your right number first try. I have been considering the new increases in telephone rentals and charges, especially for country folk. If a telephone is a luxury still, it is to be an expensive luxury. In Hull the telephone service can still give satisfaction to subscribers without raising its charges even to what they were before the Budget. Is it because this unique service is not nationalised, because it is a public company in which its subscribers can hold shares that it is enabled to offer additional services beyond the barest needs of inter-communication? I believe a subscriber can ring up for a bedtime story to send the children to sleep and for answers to an obstinate crossword puzzle. For my part, I should be satisfied with efficiency in the barest needs of inter-communication, and would pay even the latest increases cheerfully if I thought that thereby I should get it. But no doubt the countryman cannot expect to be feather-bedded while business and the pool promoters are the P.M.G.'s valuable clients. I don't ask for a bedtime story, but I should like to get the right number. And I should like my postcards to be treated as no less important than the pools mail and my parcels to be a service within reach of a moderate purse and guaranteed to reach their destination with a decent covering of brown paper.

October in the South.—October is sometimes the pleasantest month in the year in Southern England, and this year was no exception. The leaves were never more colourful and, oddly enough, more dense and obstinate. I have for much longer than usual lived in a setting which in autumn recalls the "transformation scenes" of the pantomimes of my childhood, the most vivid and romantic memories of my life. Gold and crimson, brown and yellow, the trees and shrubs flame like tapestries newly restored, and 5 ins. of rain in the month have added emerald green on lawns to the pageant, the whole lit by a golden sun at midday as warm and pleasant as in early September. Derbyshire is worse off. There a curious phenomenon has been observed. The leaves hang on, but they are dun or ash-coloured, grim, grey relics of dense summer, and the drought has brought the water situation to an acute crisis.

Billy Graham at the Universities.—Billy Graham is with us again; this time his mission is to the older universities. We hear, from time to time, of religious revivals among the undergraduates, and through the centuries Oxford has been no stranger to hot gospellers. But the Oxford undergraduates of my Edwardian days would have been too self-conscious to respond to Dr. Graham's gentle, direct and simple methods, at least in visible form. To-day undergraduates are drawn from many more types. I dare say Dr. Graham's mission will be as successful statistically as it was in Glasgow, though, of course, permanent results depend on the after-care of the patients and the penitants. No one questions that his visits do us all good, if only to remind us of spiritual things in a material world, and this time he arrives at a juncture when from various causes a reaction has come about to pose the question to the better educated as to whether they are doing enough by example and practice to condemn what is of evil report and to guide us towards decency and higher standards of good taste and patriotic service.

Spencer Gore Exhibition.—The Arts Council Exhibition of Spencer Gore's pictures at 4, St. James's Square should not be missed. It closes on November 17. I suppose Augustus John is about the last survivor of the famous group of which Gore was a member and that may account for the failure of the foreword of the catalogue to show Spencer Gore as the man he was, to bring him alive. He had other qualities than the austerity and integrity of a great artist. He was a public school product, a very amusing companion, a good cricketer like his father and brother, a very good amateur actor like his Ponsonby uncles. He lived, and died young, it is true, in austere devotion to his art when he had achieved a mastery. A good "portrait of the artist as a young man" should be preserved. It is an integral part of every artist's record in posterity. More, too, might be done to find out where his pictures are hung in private houses; I myself and several others known to me have quite important pictures of his belonging to periods in his progress and, therefore, of value for comparison. We have no opportunity to offer them for selection when his works are shown. A "bibliography" of his pictures could and should be compiled.

THE OLD STAGER

SIR GERALD KELLY SELLS SOME OF HIS ART TREASURES

THE FIRST OF SEVERAL SALES FROM THE PRIVATE COLLECTION OF THE PAST PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: The scene in Sotheby's Auction Rooms in New Bond Street, London, when the first of Sir Gerald's sales realised £1,172. There were seventy-eight lots and they included Chinese porcelain, jade figures and other works of art. Sir Gerald is selling part of his collection in order to raise money to buy the house in Gloucester Place, Marylebone, where his family has lived for over forty years. Another sale took place a few days later, and yet another is arranged for next month.

AN ANNUAL DOGS' DAY AT OLYMPIA

THE ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW HELD BY THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION: A view of the vast hall at Olympia, showing judging of the various breeds in progress. The last big dog show of the year, it is always well attended.

On left—
COMPARED WITH THE PINT POT: The height of this mug gives some idea of the size of Martinwyns Leading Lady, a miniature Yorkshire Terrier, which weighs 1 lb. 13 ozs. It is valued at £200.

On right—
THREE PYRENEANS: Mrs. J. Birkett, of Fleet, Hampshire, is handling Basquiere Louis, Jobile of Mont-Louis and Roland of Oloron.

THE NATION'S HOMAGE

At the Cenotaph in Whitehall on Remembrance Sunday, the Queen and the Royal Family Lead the Nation's Countrywide Tributes to the Fallen of Two World Wars

ROYAL LADIES AND THEIR CHILDREN AT THE WHITEHALL CEREMONY : From the left are Princess Marie Louise, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince William of Gloucester, Princess Alexandra, Prince Michael of Kent, the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Margaret. They are watching the Cenotaph ceremony from the Home Office.

THE TRIBUTES FROM PARLIAMENT : At the Cenotaph are, in front, from the right, Sir Anthony Eden ; Mr. Attlee ; Mr. Clement Davies ; the Lord Chancellor and The Speaker. Behind, from the right, are Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade ; Mr. Osbert Peake, Minister of Pensions and National Insurance ; Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Housing and Local Government ; and Mr. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty.

"LAST POST" AT LONDON'S ARTILLERY MEMORIAL : Standards are dipped in salute as the bugle call is sounded during the service at the memorial near Hyde Park Corner.

THE QUEEN AT THE CENOTAPH : Behind Her Majesty are the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester. The hymn "O God Our Help in Ages Past" is being sung. This year's ceremony followed its traditionally solemn and impressive form. The massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, the full dress of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, the scarlet cloaks of the Life Guards and the coats of the boys of the choir of the Chapel Royal brought colour to this sombre November scene. It was estimated that some 15,000 people had crowded into Whitehall to stand for the two-minute silence.

THE ROYAL FAMILY ATTEND THE BRITISH LEGION'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, IN LONDON : The Queen, followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, is welcomed by Sir Ian Fraser, President of the British Legion.

On right—
THE CUSTOMS STAFF WAR MEMORIAL : Mr. R. A. Butler unveils the memorial at Custom House, London. The memorial to the 273 members of the Customs and Excise staff killed in the last war is a book inscribed with the names of the dead resting on a plinth below the memorial for the dead of the 1914-18 war.

THE QUEEN LAYS HER WREATH IN HONOUR OF THE DEAD OF TWO WARS : In the centre foreground are the representatives of Parliament, with the Prime Minister on the left. On the far side of the Cenotaph the Bishop of London stands with the choir of the Chapel Royal. Rain began to fall after the Queen had laid her wreath, and continued until the buglers of the Royal Marines sounded Reveille at the end of the ceremony. Then the weather cleared for the March-Past of ex-servicemen and women.

REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL : A service is held aboard an Air-Sea Rescue launch, which had put out from Newhaven, Sussex. Conducted by the Rev. D. M. Rowlands, it was attended by many members of the Goldfish Club, which is composed of R.A.F. men who have been rescued during operations by the Air-Sea Recue service. Wreaths were laid on the sea about four miles off Beachy Head.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE COUNTRYSIDE LAST SUNDAY MORNING AS LOCAL PEOPLE GATHERED TO PAY HOMAGE TO BRITAIN'S WAR DEAD : Wreaths are laid on the war memorial at Broadway, Worcester, during the Remembrance Sunday service. Attending the service are members of the British Legion ; the Women's section of the British Legion and the local youth organisations. Remembrance Day services were held at most of the country's war memorials, some towns and villages arranging their own special service in the afternoon. In the churches most services, which were suitably adapted, included the two-minute silence.

The Foreign News in Pictures

MIDDLE EAST TENSION

Recent Events in Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Israel, and a Survey of News in other Parts of the World

A SAUDI-EGYPTIAN MUTUAL DEFENCE PACT IS SIGNED IN CAIRO : Colonel Nasser (left), the Egyptian Prime Minister, and the Emir Feisal, Crown Prince and Prime Minister of Saudi Arabia and brother of King Saud, sign the pact in the Egyptian capital. Seated at right is the Saudi Arabian Ambassador to Egypt, Sheikh Abdullah Ibrahim el Fadl. The pact came about after three weeks of discussions, during which tension between Egypt and Israel, after the decision by Egypt to buy arms from Czechoslovakia, has mounted. An Egyptian spokesman said that such pacts are necessary because the Arab security pact was "merely ink on paper." The British Foreign Office says the agreement is not welcome.

SAUDI ARABIA'S KING IN THE LIMELIGHT : King Saud ibn Abdul-Aziz waves to the crowd in Medina, famed for its dates, as he heads a procession of cars after the inauguration of a new shrine built around the tomb of the Prophet.

RUSSIA INCREASES HER INFLUENCE IN THE MIDDLE EAST—THE SOVIET TREATY WITH THE YEMEN IS SIGNED : Watched by members of the Soviet and Yemeni delegations in Cairo the Yemeni Deputy Foreign Minister, Abdul Rahman abu Taleb, signs the Treaty of friendship between Russia and the Kingdom of Yemen. Standing immediately on his right is the Soviet Ambassador in Cairo, Mr. Daniel Solod. The treaty, which provides for cultural and economic exchanges and the maintenance of cordial relations between the two countries, will run for five years. A similar treaty, signed in 1929, lapsed last year. The new treaty is an important step in the Soviet bid for increased influence in the Middle East which has coincided with the signing of an arms pact between Egypt and Czechoslovakia. The delivery of heavy weapons to the Egyptians has led to a heightening of Arab-Israeli tension.

On right—

MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL LAYS A FOUNDATION-STONE AT HAIFA : Representing his father, Sir Winston, Mr. Churchill is seen laying the stone for the central auditorium at the Institute of Technology on Mount Carmel. The auditorium is to bear the name of Sir Winston Churchill as a "tribute to his work for the freedom of mankind and his contribution to the progress of the Jewish National Home." The Haifa auditorium will cost £250,000, of which the Anglo-Jewish community has already raised over £150,000.

On right—

A FIREMAN'S ESCAPE : This dramatic picture from Philadelphia shows a fireman running to safety after an explosion in a burning factory had ripped out the walls of the third floor. After the factory had caught fire, and while firemen were trying to deal with them, flames reached lacquers and solvents stored on the third floor. One of the firemen, buried under tons of debris, lost his life. The one shown in this picture managed to escape unhurt.

ANOTHER BOMB OUTRAGE IN FAMAGUSTA : The post office boxes in the Cyprus town's chief post office, in which a time-bomb was deposited. When it exploded, it wrecked half the interior of the building, including the whole of the mail room. Other bombs in Famagusta have destroyed a police telephone box, and a tavern frequented by British troops.

THE TALLEST MONARCH IN THE WORLD? 6 ft. 9 ins. in height, King Charles Mutara Rudahigwa of Ruanda Urundi, in the Belgian Congo, is seen leaving a Rome hotel. With him is his Queen and, in the background at right, their daughter. King Charles and his family were on their way to an audience with the Pope at the Papal summer residence at Castelgandolfo.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SURINAM—QUEEN JULIANA RECEIVES GIFTS FROM INDIAN WOMEN: At Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam, the Queen of the Netherlands shakes hands with an Indian woman who had made a presentation to her. Immediately behind Queen Juliana, in naval uniform and wearing dark glasses, stands Prince Bernhard, who has been accompanying the Queen on her visit to Netherlands possessions in the West Indies. After spending nine days in the Antilles, the Dutch West Indies, the Queen and Prince Bernhard flew to Surinam, Dutch Guiana, on the South American continent.

THE LEADER OF THE FRENCH COMMUNIST PARTY MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY IN FIVE YEARS: Sitting in the centre of the front bench is M. Maurice Thorez, who caused a sensation by making his first appearance in the National Assembly since 1950. Next to him, at right, is M. Jacques Duclos, Secretary of the French Communist Party, who has been the apparent leader of the party while M. Thorez has been recovering from a serious illness. Immediately behind M. Duclos is M. Marcel Cachin, the oldest of the Communist leaders. M. Thorez reappears at a time when the Communist Party is playing a vital role in French politics.

"MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING" BETWEEN THE CAUDILLO AND MR. DULLES: General Franco and the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, in conversation at the Palace of El Pardo, in Madrid. Mr. Dulles had taken advantage of a lull in the Geneva Conference of Foreign Ministers to fly to Spain to talk with General Franco. This is the first time an American Secretary of State has paid an official visit to Franco Spain. Among the topics which were discussed were Spanish-American relations within the framework of the mutual assistance agreement and Spain's candidature for entry into the United Nations.

DR. ADENAUER TALKS POLITICS WITH PRESIDENT HEUSS: The Federal Chancellor, slowly recovering from an attack of bronchitis, has his first conversations with the West German President at his Bonn villa since he was taken ill nearly four weeks before. There has been considerable criticism in Germany that the Chancellor, who is seventy-nine, has allowed only his own State Secretary, Dr. Globke, to see him; that the Vice-Chancellor and the President himself have for weeks been denied access to Dr. Adenauer; and that vital decisions have been taken without adequate Cabinet consultations.

A NEW GOVERNOR FOR BERMUDA—LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN WOODALL IS SWORN IN AT HAMILTON: With all the ceremony that makes the arrival of a new Governor one of the greatest occasions in the colony's life, Lieut.-General Sir John Woodall is seen taking the oath of office in the Legislative Council's Chamber. On his arrival, with Lady Woodall, at Albouy's Point, Sir John was greeted by the island's notabilities and by a guard of honour. Crowds lined the streets of Hamilton as the Governor and his wife drove to the Legislative Council in an open carriage. Sir John Woodall, who has enjoyed a distinguished military career as a gunner, was General Officer Commanding, Northern Ireland, before assuming his new appointment in Bermuda. There he succeeds Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Hood, who had been in office for nearly six years.

ROYAL TOUR OF THE MIDLANDS

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Spend Two Days on a Tour Which Includes the Potteries and Birmingham

THE QUEEN IN CREWE DURING HER TWO-DAY TOUR OF THREE COUNTIES IN THE NORTH AND WEST MIDLANDS : She is inspecting a guard of honour formed by the Cheshire Yeomanry in the Market Square of the Cheshire town. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh began their tour at Nantwich, then drove to Crewe for the next engagement.

WITH THE CHILDREN AT STOKE FOOTBALL GROUND, IN STAFFORDSHIRE : The Queen, sheltering beneath an umbrella held by the Duke, waves to the children as she is driven round the ground. Despite the bad weather, the children carried on with their display of dancing and physical movement. Later, the Queen said that she had admired the fortitude and stamina of the children and hoped that none would come to any harm. The first day of the Royal tour was spent in touring several towns in the two counties of Cheshire and Staffordshire, and the second day was devoted to the Birmingham area in Warwickshire. At the end of the first day the Royal couple attended an evening party at the County Building in Stafford at which the guests included the Mayors and Chairmen of Councils of the County.

AT KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM : The Queen is accompanied on her tour by Professor H. F. Humphreys, Bailiff of King Edward's School. In the background is the Chief Master, the Rev. R. G. Lunt. Also during her stay in this Warwickshire city the Queen inaugurated a new block of buildings for the Birmingham Colleges of Technology, Commerce and Art.

TOURING A BIRMINGHAM FACTORY : Her Majesty takes a closer look at the work in progress at one of the benches at the Joseph Lucas factory. The Royal visitors spent some time at the factory, walking about a mile through the shops and offices, and talking with many directors, managers and workers.

IN THE HEART OF THE POTTERY INDUSTRY : *Left*—The Queen is seen watching the colouring of new designs for pottery at the factory of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons, Ltd., at Barlaston, Staffordshire. During their tour of the factory both the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh did some turning at the lathes. *Right*—A happy moment at the Stoke-on-Trent factory of Johnson Brothers (Hanley), Ltd., as the Queen accepts the gift of a dinner service presented by the chairman, Sir Ernest Johnson.

HOW THE FACE OF THE BROOKLYN WATERFRONT WILL CHANGE: This sketch illustrates the alterations envisaged by the New York Port Authority for the piers it has recently purchased. It shows the view from Brooklyn Heights Esplanade across the East River towards the skyscrapers of Manhattan. In the foreground are two of the new piers, 625 ft. long and 340 ft. wide.

THE BROOKLYN WATERFRONT TO-DAY: As the drawing at the top of the page, this is the view from Brooklyn Heights Esplanade. Some of the obsolescent warehouses in the foreground are said to have been used to house Civil War prisoners. One result of pulling them down will be to allow an unobstructed view of the New York skyline from the Heights.

NEW YORK'S PORT MEETS A CHALLENGE

Fifty Acres of Brooklyn Waterfront are Purchased by New York's Port Authority as Part of its £30,000,000 Programme for the Improvement of the Port

At the end of last June it was announced that the Port of New York Authority had purchased a two-mile strip of Brooklyn waterfront from the New York Dock Company for £5,000,000. This was the signal for the beginning of a programme of improvement and development on a scale rarely paralleled even in the United States. For in the next seven years the Port Authority expects to spend over £30,000,000 and transform the aspect of the Port of New York. Its plans were announced last month.

If New York had a port that was becoming derelict and losing trade a vast programme of this kind might be deemed expedient. But the Port of New York is the biggest and busiest in the world, and although other cities on the east and Pacific coasts of North America are making great improvements to their port facilities, none is ever likely to provide a serious challenge to New York as the premier port in the hemisphere. The challenge that New York is facing is not that of present competitors, but of the future. New York wants to increase its lead over rivals, not rest on its laurels.

Not that some of the improvements are not overdue. The Brooklyn scheme spotlights both the present undesirable conditions of the dock area and the improvements that can be made. The Port Authority has purchased a going and profit-making concern. The area includes twenty-eight piers and wharves, and about 50 acres of waterfront and warehouse space. All the piers are at least thirty-five years old, some nearly twice as ancient; while some of the warehouses are reputed to have housed prisoners during the Civil War!

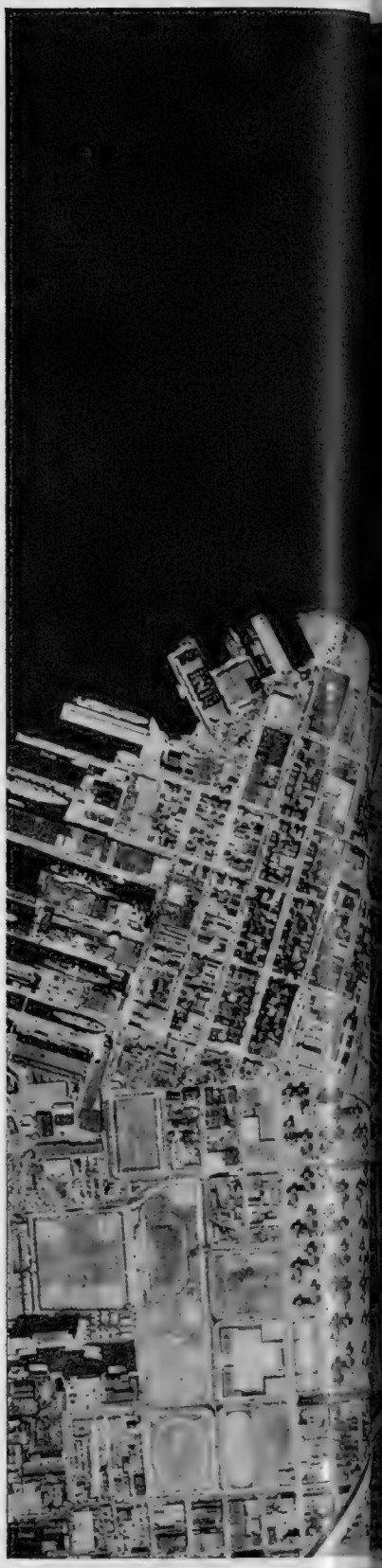
Yet the Brooklyn docks have been handling a quarter of the Port of New York's general cargo. Although improvements have been blatantly necessary, the threat of disruption to the work of the area which large-scale improvements would involve has encouraged owners to delay embarking on even partial alterations. Besides, the capital expenditure involved was likely to be beyond the scope of a private company.

The Port of New York Authority had no such considerations to hamper it, and it has produced a bold and imaginative plan for the reconstruction of the Brooklyn waterfront along the East River. At the southern end of its newly acquired property is the Atlantic basin which, as its name implies, is a docking basin, with four piers. These will be replaced by a quay 2,000 ft. long and 270 ft. wide, and behind it a shed 1,800 ft. long and 150 ft. wide. This pier will be able to berth three vessels.

(*Continued on following page*)

WHERE IMPROVEMENTS HAVE ALREADY BEEN MADE: The Grain Terminal and Columbia Street Pier have been the concern of the Port of New York Authority since 1944. Well over £1,000,000 has been spent on construction and improvement there.

PROGRESS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF MANHATTAN: One of the new piers built in co-operation with the Port Authority at Hoboken, New Jersey, on the Hudson River. This pier is typical of those contemplated for the Brooklyn development.



NEW YORK'S EAST RIVER —THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE: *Above*—An aerial view, looking up Buttermilk Channel and the river towards Brooklyn Bridge. On the right side is Brooklyn; on the left, Manhattan; in the middle, part of Governor's Island. In the foreground are the piers of Atlantic basin. *On left*—An imaginary view of the reconstructed Atlantic basin. On right is the three-berth quay, 2,000 ft. long. At the far end is a new 700-ft. by 320-ft. pier, and opposite it one of the existing piers, entirely rebuilt and modernised.

NEW YORK'S PORT MEETS A CHALLENGE

(*Continued from previous page*)

At the south-west end of the basin one of the existing piers (900 ft. by 170 ft.) will be improved and modernised, but at the north end an entirely new pier, 320 ft. wide, will be built. The vessel entrance to the basin is to be widened from 300 ft. to 600 ft., and behind it all there will be a new single-storey warehouse with 112,000 sq. ft. of storage space.

Further up the East River the story will be the same. Narrow piers will be replaced by smart new ones with storage facilities on the spot. There are to be two three-berth piers, four two-berth, and one single-berth pier. They will provide ample space for efficient cargo-handling, including turn-round facilities for trucks.

Adjoining Brooklyn Bridge there is to be an unusual L-shaped pier which will be able to berth three vessels. Two ship berths are on its 1,030-ft. frontage, and a third on its 570-ft. south side.

To the south of these new facilities there is one which has already been in the hands of the Port of New York Authority since 1944. This is the Grain Terminal in the Gowanus section of Brooklyn. Since the Terminal and the Columbia Street Pier adjoining it were transferred to the Authority well over £1,000,000 has been spent in the area. Now there is a new grain pier and grain gallery, a new public lumber terminal, and a new grain-dust control system for the Grain Elevator. This elevator provides about 40 per cent. of the grain storage space in the Port.

A feature of the Port Authority's new plan for Brooklyn is the pulling down of the old warehouses. They will be replaced by modern and efficient buildings which are no more than 30 ft. high. In addition, the area for lorry traffic will be increased to meet the demands of the modern era. Trucks taking cargo to or from the docks, will have room to move in, and in which to turn round. Another, and very pleasant feature, of these alterations will be that from the Brooklyn Heights Esplanade, there will be an unobstructed view of the harbour and of the New York skyline on Manhattan across the East River.

The Brooklyn development is, of course, only a part of the Port of New York Authority's plan. In some dockside areas the Authority has already achieved much in the way of modernising facilities for handling cargoes. It is a semi-public Authority, and is supported by both the States concerned, New York and New Jersey.

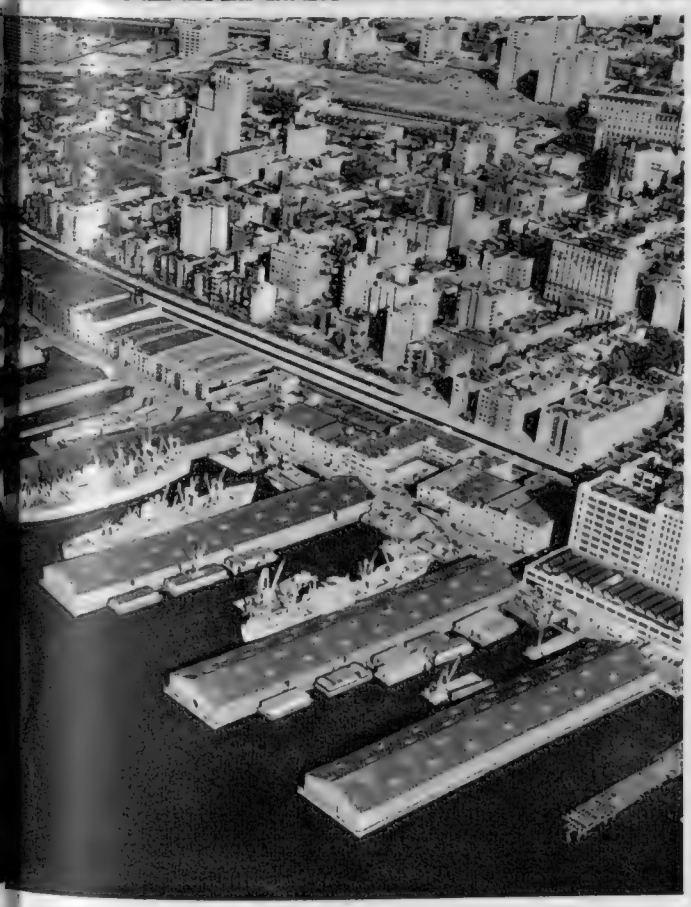
At Hoboken, New Jersey, for instance, a £6,000,000 development has already been half completed. While at Port Newark, New Jersey, for which the Authority assumed responsibility in 1948 under a fifty-year lease with the City of Newark, about £7,500,000 have been spent or committed for improvements. As a result the tonnage of cargo handled in 1954 was double that in 1940, the best year of operation by the city. The port is now the leading lumber terminal on the east coast.

It should be added that these are only the dockside activities of the Port of New York Authority. Railways, roads and airports also come under its rule. As one example of this side of its activities there is the £206,000,000 bridge and arterial highway scheme for the New York–New Jersey metropolitan area, on which the Authority is engaged in co-operation with the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority. The staggering aspect of this tremendous undertaking is that it is scheduled to take five years only.

All this concerns the Port of New York, and the port is in a hurry. It wants to be ready to meet the demands of shipping which its administrators foresee in the not too remote future. But while better cargo facilities and roads are essential to this purpose, the administrators are also aware that improvements must be made on the waterfront itself. However good the facilities, there must still be men to work them.

The New York waterfront is notorious for the iron gangster rule which the union bosses exercise over labour and management alike. Gone perhaps are the days when such bosses became millionaires by extorting money from dock labourers and pier owners. But the New York port is still the centre for rackets, pilfering, and even murder. Until that is eradicated New York cannot be sure of its place as the greatest port in the world. Those responsible for the welfare of the city know this. And it is hoped that the Authority that is coming to rule the port physically in terms of land will also come to rule it morally in terms of men.

THE BROOKLYN WATERFRONT IN SEVEN YEARS? This aerial view of Brooklyn shows the waterfront as it is expected to appear after the completion of the Port of New York Authority's seven-year, £30,000,000 improvement programme. The area involved stretches from Atlantic basin, opposite Governor's Island, to Brooklyn Bridge. Extreme right is Manhattan Bridge: both link Brooklyn with Manhattan, the centre of New York City.



THE NEW SCENE BELOW BROOKLYN BRIDGE: The artist's impression of the Fulton Terminal area of the docks after the development programme has been completed may be compared, *at left*, with the narrow, obsolete piers and warehouses of to-day. Below the bridge is an L-shaped pier which can berth three ships.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S ATOMIC SUBMARINE COMES TO THE SURFACE : The pictures *above* and *below on the right* of the U.S.S. *Nautilus* during the summer manœuvres of the Atlantic Fleet have just been released by the American authorities. She is making an "emergency surface." In the foreground is the United States escort destroyer *Sarsfield*. *Nautilus* was operating with this ship and with the anti-submarine warfare support escort carrier, U.S.S. *Leyte*. The submarine is the world's first atomic-powered underwater craft. She has a standard surface displacement of 3,180 tons and her engine consists of a thermal reactor and water-coolant and geared turbines. Without her engine *Nautilus* cost over £10,000,000 and her engine is said to have cost nearly another £9,000,000. She has a range of 25,000 miles and she is reported to be designed to travel faster under water than on the surface. Submerged she can make twenty knots. Her complement is 101.

AMERICA'S "A-SUB" GOES ON MANŒUVRES

And a Midget and an Open-cockpit Submarine Set Out to Show Their Paces

A NEW MIDGET SUBMARINE : The *X-1* is on its water trials in Long Island Sound, off New York. This is the prototype of a class of midget submarines which the United States Navy plans to build. She is 48 ft. long, has a range of over 500 miles and a crew of four. On the surface she has a maximum speed of fifteen knots. This is reduced to twelve knots when submerged. The submarine was laid down in January 1954 at the Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corporation of New York and launched last March.

AN OPEN-COCKPIT SUBMARINE : From San Pedro, California, the crew of an open-cockpit submarine assemble for a 21-miles voyage to Santa Catalina island. Left is Richard Anderson, standing behind the craft is Gustav Dalla Valle, and in the cockpit is Zale Parry, who holds the depth-diving championship for women. During their underwater voyage from San Pedro, which lies between Los Angeles and Long Beach, the crew of the small craft were able to breathe from the cylinders on their backs.

Ben Yussef Half-way Home

The Exiled Sultan of Morocco Arrives in France from Madagascar as a First Step to his Probable Restoration to the Throne

THE SULTAN WITH SOME OF HIS FAMILY IN FRANCE: Sidi Muhammed ben Yussef is seen in Nice shortly after his arrival from Madagascar, where he had been in exile for more than two years. At left are three of the Sultan's daughters, the Princesses N'Zha, Malika and Aicha, and right, two of his sons, Prince Abdullah and Prince Hassan.

PRINCESS AMINA IS PRESENTED TO THE WORLD: The Sultan, with an older Princess, steadies his eighteen-month-old daughter for the cameras.

THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER HASTENS TO HAVE TALKS WITH THE EX-SULTAN: M. Antoine Pinay, who had flown to Paris from Geneva for the occasion, in conversation with the former Sultan at the Chateau of La Celle Saint Cloud, just outside Paris.

The turn in Moroccan affairs that has taken place in the past three weeks may at first sight appear to be startling: but in fact it is the natural outcome of the happenings of the past few months. Sidi Muhammed ben Yussef and his entourage arrived in France after more than two years of exile in Madagascar. His return to Europe was agreed at the conference at Aix-les-Bains, which was held in August to settle the Moroccan issue. It is now apparent that those at Aix were reconciled to seeing ben Yussef restored to the Moroccan throne if all went according to plan. This is confirmed by the spectacular action of the Pasha of Marrakesh, el Glaoui, who, shortly before ben Yussef left Madagascar, proclaimed his allegiance to the exiled Sultan. When it is recalled that el Glaoui was the prime mover in ben Yussef's deposition, the shock of his statement can be imagined.

The restoration of ben Yussef to his throne, which is considered to be a foregone conclusion now that Sidi Muhammed ben Moulay Arafa, who took his place, has abdicated, will seriously weaken the position of the die-hard opponents of Moroccan reform. But they, in any case, are considered to have played out their hand by their continued refusal to accept compromise. But though the Sultan has become the rallying-point for Nationalist parties since his deposition, it is by no means certain that when he is restored to the throne, he will be able or willing to fulfil the aspirations of the extreme elements in Morocco.

BEN YUSSEF'S PORTRAIT HANGS OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO A MOSQUE: After prayers, Moroccans gathered with flags and pictures of their former Sultan Sidi Muhammed ben Yussef and formed a procession through the streets of Casablanca.

A FRIENDLY MOB: All Morocco has been whipped up to fever-pitch, awaiting the restoration of Sidi Muhammed ben Yussef to his throne. Leading Pashas and Caids, among them el Glaoui, are also hurriedly transferring their allegiance.

THE STOAT CHANGES ITS HABITS

Following the Onslaught of Myxomatosis and the Disappearance of the Rabbit, the Stoat and other "Vermin" Appear to be Changing their Lives in the Countryside

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ONE of the most surprising results of the introduction of myxomatosis has been its effect on what gamekeepers and shooting men describe as "vermin." There can be no doubt that gamekeepers generally visualised the wholesale destruction of game by vermin robbed of their staple food, and that they looked for great trouble from foxes and stoats in particular. Foxes have behaved very much as expected and have proved a great nuisance. But then, of course, foxes have always been a great nuisance to the gamekeeper. With the exception of the fox, however, it is apparent from a study of the professional Press that things have been very different from what was generally expected.

In many parts of the country the disappearance of the rabbit seems to have brought about a slump in the numbers of vermin, both furred and feathered, but always with the exception of the fox. For example, an Anglesey gamekeeper, in charge of a large estate, reports that carrion crows, magpies, stoats, weasels and rats have all greatly decreased in numbers since myxomatosis killed 99 per cent. of the rabbits on his 5,000 acres. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that rats, which used to be present in hundreds, are now virtually extinct on his ground. Prior to myxomatosis his yearly bag of carrion crows averaged 100 and he would destroy about forty-five nests: this year his bag has been nineteen and there were only seven nests. And very much the same thing has happened with the magpie. Stoats, immediately after the disappearance of the rabbit, played havoc with the poultry in the neighbourhood and a campaign had to be waged against them, but he has not seen a sign of one in recent months.

Not everyone, of course, has been so fortunate—especially with regard to rats. A surprising number of keepers from the East Coast to North Wales agree that there has been a marked decrease in the numbers of carrion crows and that, in the absence of rabbits, it has been very much easier to deal with those that are left. But the majority of keepers report an increase in the numbers of rats, and more than one has noticed that they have taken over the empty rabbit burrows. The general opinion, however, seems to be that it is the hedgerow birds rather than the game chicks that have suffered in the main from the increased numbers of rats.

But it is the case of the stoat that interests me particularly. In the deep rural areas, at any rate, the stoat has not proved to be the menace that was generally feared. Quite a lot of keepers maintain that as the rabbits died out on their estates, the stoats moved on: and more than one has told me that nowadays he hardly ever sees a stoat and rarely traps one—and then only at night. There seems, indeed, to be widespread agreement that the habits of the stoat have changed. Before the disappearance of the rabbit it was almost entirely a diurnal hunter. It was no uncommon experience for the ordinary countryman to see a hunting stoat: it was a common experience for the gamekeeper on his early morning round. But now—at least in the heart of the countryside—the stoat is largely, if not entirely, nocturnal.

Now, when stoats are trapped, they are mostly trapped at night, and it is rare, even for a gamekeeper, to see one abroad in daylight. This change in habit is due, presumably, to the fact that their prey is now mainly rats and mice. The stoat cannot enter a mouse-hole, and only the most inexperienced stoat will tackle a rat in a hole. They must, therefore, seek their prey at night. And this being so, it would seem probable that there has also been a severe mortality among roosting hedgerow birds.

But if the stoats did in fact move on as the rabbits died out, where did they go? Again from a study of the professional Press, it would seem that they moved from the deep countryside to the outskirts of towns. At any rate, gamekeepers on the outskirts of towns have, on the whole, unlike their colleagues in the more rural areas, reported an increase in the numbers of stoats.

One man, whose shoot lies on the edge of an industrial area in the Midlands, says that he trapped five times his average number of stoats during the past nesting season. Another, whose ground is more or less surrounded by industrial villages in the north, says that his bag has been four times heavier than usual. A third, whose shoot borders a West Country town, reports a great increase in the numbers of stoats, and he is of the opinion that many of them have taken to living in the suburban gardens and to raiding the fields from those safe sanctuaries.

In this connection it is, perhaps, worth mentioning that I have seen a stoat in my garden this autumn. This is the first time that I have ever seen a stoat in my garden, though foxes now pay me regular visits and magpies are commonplace. This does not, of course, mean that stoats have not been in my garden before: they could easily have lived there for months without being seen. And it may well be that the stoat (a highly intelligent and adaptable animal, for it has managed to survive in numbers in the face of constant persecution) has discovered (as has the fox in so many places) that urban man is an easy-going and singularly unobservant creature and that there is always an easy living to be had in his immediate neighbourhood.

If this is so, if stoats are really more plentiful now in the vicinity of towns, I wonder if we shall this winter hear more reports of stoats in white winter coats? The stoat is one of the few British animals with the ability to adopt a white coat in winter. The others are the blue or mountain hare, and the Irish hare.

The change to white for the winter does not always take place. The blue hare in Scotland usually puts on white for the winter, but in Ireland such a change is unusual. The blue hare has also been introduced into the north of England and into North Wales, more or less successfully in each case, and in these places it does not normally change colour for the winter, no matter how much snow there may be. Change in the Irish hare in Ireland is unusual. It has been introduced into Scotland and into North Wales. In Scotland there is a much greater tendency to change: in Wales there is no tendency to change at all.

In Scotland, on the high ground, the stoat changes colour as a general rule, and change is frequent on the high ground in northern England and North Wales, though I do not think it would be true to say that it is the general rule. Elsewhere the change to white for the winter is uncommon. I have seen a stoat in a white coat in Hampshire, and then it was a mild winter and there was no snow on the ground. I have also seen a white stoat on the Quantocks, when there was very heavy snow. But on the same day—we were out shooting—I saw two that had made no attempt to change at all.

It is still commonly believed that the change to white for the winter is an example of animal camouflage, that the animal that makes the change is the better able, when there is snow on the ground, to approach its prey unseen and that the hunted animal is the better able to avoid the hunter. But for creatures that are white all the year round—the polar bear and the Arctic hare, for instance—and in those cases in which both predator and prey adopt the white coat for the winter, it would seem that there can be no advantage, since the benefit conferred on the predator is counterbalanced by the benefit conferred on the prey, and vice versa. I do not think that animal camouflage has anything to do with it. And, in any case, it would seem that for the change to take place there must be a very considerable degree of cold.

The older British naturalists believed that the change was due to the removal of pigment from the coloured hairs; that the coloured hairs were not shed, but merely turned white. It would seem that in those animals that have only one moult a year something of this sort must take place. In such animals there must be an actual colour change in the hair. In the Arctic fox, which moults only once a year, the change seems to be brought about through a gradual fading of the colour, starting in the autumn. All the colour has gone in the winter, and the coat is then white. The moult takes place in the spring and the new coat is coloured.

Precisely how this is effected is not known, but the old idea of a removal of pigment—that is, some sort of chemical change—seems to be as good a notion as any other. But it is known that this does not happen in the case of the stoat. It is known that in the stoat the change is brought about through a moult. The stoat is an animal that moults twice a year, in autumn and spring. In autumn, the old coat is shed and the new coat is white—or may be white; in spring, the winter coat is shed and the new summer, coloured, coat is grown.

This, as I have said, does not always happen. It does seem that it has got to be pretty cold before it can happen, and it does seem that it has got to be pretty cold in the autumn, for if it is mild when the autumn moult takes place, then the new coat will presumably be coloured and nothing can be done about it thereafter. The animal cannot have three or four moults in the year. I think this is why change is more common in the Highlands of Scotland than anywhere else in Britain.

But it does not explain why white stoats are sometimes seen in the south of England during mild winters. As a matter of fact, it is probably true to say that white stoats are more often seen in the south of England in mild and snow-free winters than in hard and snow-bound ones.

One explanation of this may well be that a white stoat against a white background is not at all easy to see, but that still does not explain the white coat in the mild winter. It has been suggested that in some cases there is a sort of delayed action, a "second helping" effect, and that a stoat which has turned white one winter, because of the cold, may do so again the following winter even if it is not cold. Well, we had cold weather last year at just about the right time in the south of England. It will be interesting to see, if there are really more stoats in the neighbourhood of towns now, if we get more reports of white stoats this coming winter.

FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON OF THE OLD BERKELEY FOXHOUNDS: The pack moves off after the season's opening meet at the Swan Hotel, Kimble, near Wendover, Buckinghamshire; and, *on left*, proceeds to a new covert. The country of the Old Berkeley, which comprises mostly pasture, with a fair amount of plough and woodland in the uplands, covers about 200 square miles in the two counties of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire. The hunt dates from the eighteenth century.

NEW ARMY QUARTERS IN CYPRUS

A Self-Contained Town is Part of a £16,500,000 Military and Air Force Building Programme

One of the most compelling reasons for the need to restore order with maximum speed in Cyprus is that the island is a vital British military base. While troops and Commandos engage on anti-terrorist operations, a large-scale military building plan is proceeding. Last week in the House of Common, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Minister of Defence, stated in a written reply that the total cost of the installations now being erected will be about £16,500,000.

Among the main items in this programme is the Army's new town of Dhekelia, eight miles from Larnaca. This will house a brigade group and is already partly completed. The cost of Dhekelia alone is some £10,000,000. Another important installation is scheduled for Episkopi. Here there will be a combined land-air headquarters, with a satellite village of prefabricated homes for married soldiers and their families. Then, south of Limassol, the Royal Air Force has planned to construct a large, all-weather airfield, with a runway 9,000 ft. long.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE AREA FOR A BRIGADE GROUP : These are some of the buildings put up at Dhekelia, eight miles east of Larnaca, in Cyprus. This new town will house a brigade group. A big military building programme is scheduled for the island.

THE N.A.A.F.I. WITH ITS OUTSIDE TERRACE : It is one of the many amenities for the troops in Dhekelia. The British Army's new town will cost £10,000,000. A further £6,500,000 is to be spent on other military installations in Cyprus.

THE SPACIOUS OFFICERS' MESS : Single officers will live here. For married officers and other ranks family quarters are being erected in Dhekelia. It is also planned to build in Cyprus a combined land-air headquarters at Episkopi.

COMMANDOS IN TRAINING IN CYPRUS : *Above* and *on right* men of No. 45 Royal Marine Commando are scaling a peak high up in a range of mountains on the island. Training of this kind is undertaken every day. Like all the British troops on the island, the Commandos keep in excellent condition for the operations in which they are engaged for the suppression of terrorism. Evidence of the military authorities' confidence that they can carry out this task is to be seen in the fact that the military building programme continues simultaneously with the British forces' anti-terrorist campaign in Cyprus.

THE BRIDGE WILL SHORTEN THE APPROACH TO SWANSEA : It has cost £2,000,000 and is on the by-pass road at Neath, in Glamorgan, crossing the River Neath between Briton Ferry and Earlswood. Hitherto, traffic to Swansea has made a twelve-mile detour through Neath. The new bridge and road shorten the journey by six miles.

BRITAIN'S LARGEST POST-WAR BRIDGE

It Carries a New Trunk Road Across the River Neath in Wales

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, opened last week the largest river bridge built in Britain since the war. Costing £2,000,000, it carries the by-pass road over the River Neath, between Briton Ferry and Earlswood, and is an important part of an ambitious road scheme. When the entire project is completed, traffic to Swansea will no longer have to make the tedious detour through Neath. The new road shortens the journey by six miles. Speaking at the opening of the bridge, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter said that he had every intention that the first section of the Neath by-pass would "not be an only child for very long." He hoped it would be possible to invite tenders for the second section before the end of the present financial year.

The construction of the bridge has been a fine feat of engineering. It is approached by a viaduct and into the construction of both have gone over 12,000 tons of cement. Together they form a high-level road three-quarters of a mile long and spanning a complex system of docks and railways. The highway is 90ft. wide, including the cycle tracks and footpaths on both sides. The road level over the River Neath is 100 ft. above the highest spring tide and allows a clearance for shipping of 90 ft., also at the highest spring tide. It is a cantilever bridge with the centre span suspended. The distance of the centre span between the river piers is 300 ft.

The high-tensile steel girders of the bridge can take a 100-ton point load. In sinking the piers on which they rest compressed air was used and the men were working in a pressure of 30 lb. The cylinders were sunk to 80 ft. below the river bed to find the rock for the foundations. A new feature is the monolith foundation construction on the Earlswood side of the river.

Discussion on the project for improving the approach via Neath into Swansea began over thirty years ago. But it was not until the Ministry of Transport took over responsibility for all trunk roads in 1936 that it became possible for plans to materialise. Then the war intervened and construction had to be postponed. Finally work began in 1949.

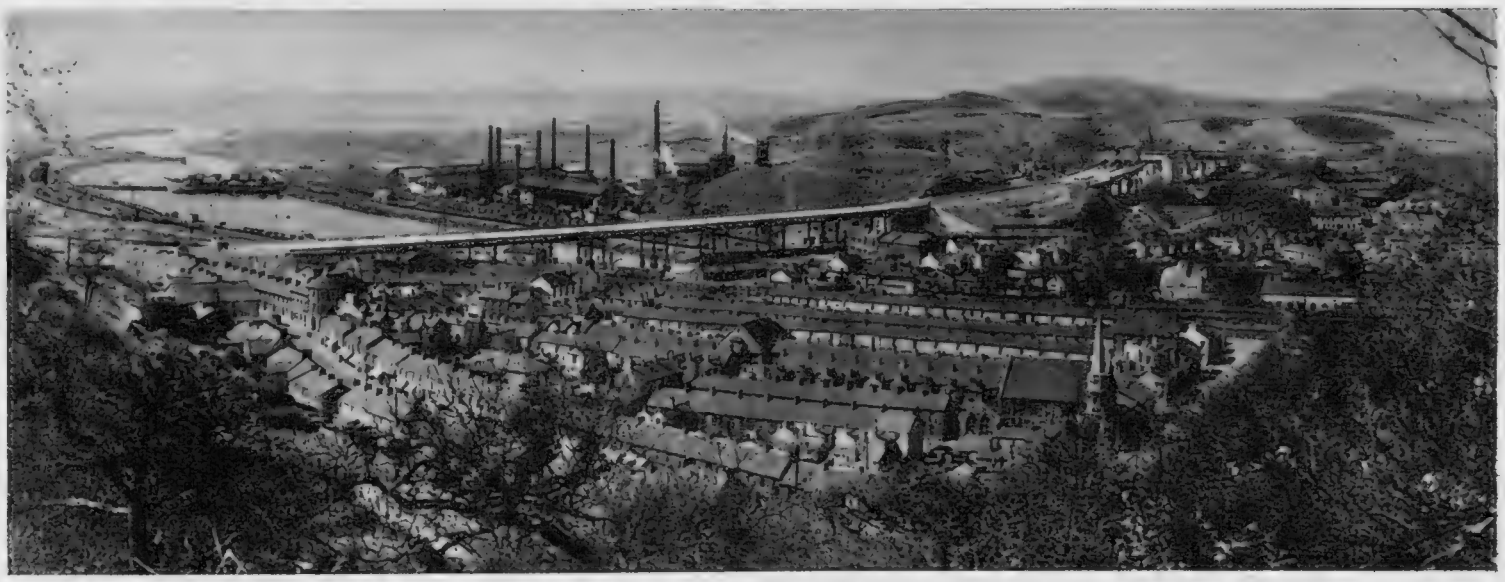
The two main features, now completed, of the by-pass scheme are the bridge at Briton Ferry and the Jersey Marine road outside Swansea. The latter is a dual-carriageway with central reservations, cycle tracks and footpaths. It joins the new Swansea east side approach road, which is still under construction.

A SPAN NEARS COMPLETION : This picture was taken as the work on the bridge was still in progress. The road level over the finished bridge is 100 ft. above the highest spring tides and gives a clearance for shipping of 90 ft., also at the highest spring tides.

BELOW THE BRIDGE : It is a cantilever bridge with the centre span suspended. Its high-tensile steel girders rest on massive supports, the foundations of which are sunk in rock 80 ft. below the river bed. The bridge is designed to carry a 100-ton point load.

THE VIADUCT: This approaches the bridge and with it forms a high-level road three-quarters of a mile long. The dual-carriageways are each 22 ft. wide and are flanked by cycle tracks and footpaths. It is Britain's largest post-war river bridge and was opened last week by Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation.

On right—
AN AID TO INDUSTRY: The viaduct and bridge run over a complex system of docks and railways on both sides of the River Neath. The new by-pass road, of which the bridge is a part, will greatly benefit industries in and around Swansea.

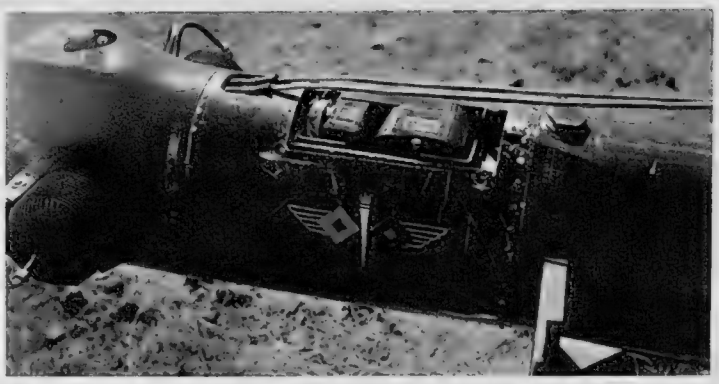


On right—
AN AMBITIOUS ROAD PROJECT: This model shows how the Neath road will look when finished. On the extreme right is the Briton Ferry roundabout, the junction with A.48. Then to the left come the now-opened bridge and viaduct. On the left, disappearing into the distance, is the projected highway to Lonlas. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter said last week he hoped soon to invite tenders for a further section of the road.

THE FULLY AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPHER: A U.S. Army Signals Corps' RP.71 camera-carrying Drone makes a jet-assisted take-off from its launching rack at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, at a speed of 85 m.p.h. The new small radio-controlled Drone, developed at the U.S. Army electronic proving ground, is the latest weapon of combat aerial photography. The RP.71, as it is known, has a length and wing-span of only 12 ft., can fly at 228 m.p.h., and attains a rate of climb of 3,060 ft. per minute. While in the air it is propeller-driven by petrol engine, but take-off is jet-assisted, enabling the Drone to be operated from the small area of its launching catapult. A control operator on the ground guides the craft to its target; sets off the cameras, and returns the Drone to its base, when the engine is stopped, a parachute opens, and the "automatic camera" drifts down. Still or moving pictures can be taken from heights of a few hundred feet to over four miles. As soon as the Drone lands, the films are unloaded for immediate developing, so that tactical commanders can obtain air-survey photographs, in some instances within an hour of take-off.

AUTOMATIC COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHY

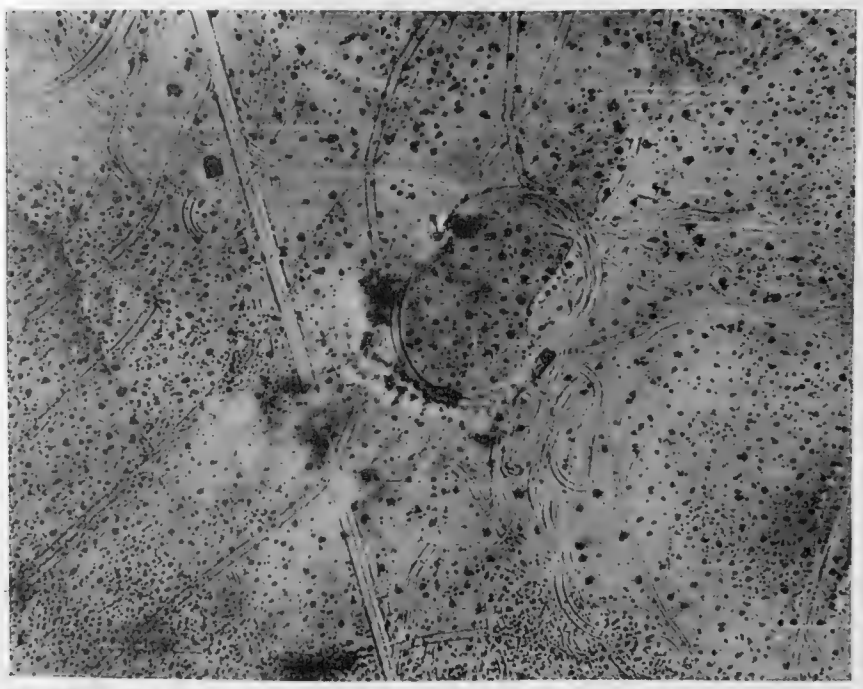
The U.S. Signals Corps' New Radio-Controlled, Camera-Carrying Aircraft

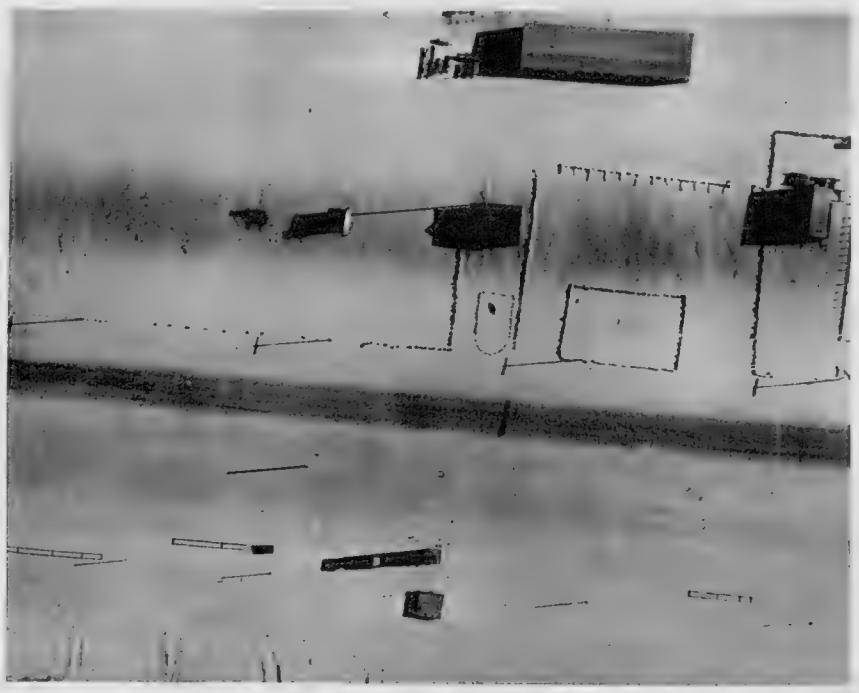


On left—
THE FOCAL POINT OF THE RP.71 DRONE: This is the Bulova 77-mm. Mark camera carried in the front of the Drone, which is remotely controlled by the operator on the ground, who also guides the Drone itself to its target. The camera can take still and moving photographs from heights up to more than four miles above the target.

THE RADIO CONTROLLER: The man who controls the Drone and its cameras, operates the "joy-stick" which will manœuvre the small craft. The transmitter, which signals to the Drone in flight, is mounted on a jeep.

THE DRONE ON ITS LAUNCHING RACK: After its tactical mission has been completed, the engine magneto is cut and a parachute opens simultaneously. The propeller stops in a horizontal position so as to prevent damage on landing, and the craft drifts to earth at approximately 20 ft. per second.





RECONNAISSANCE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE RP.71 DRONE: *On left*—**A record of tank movements taken by the Drone's Bulova 77-mm. camera at an altitude of approximately 800 ft. This was one of forty-two exposures taken during a single reconnaissance mission from Fort Huachuca. Tanks, truck tracks, shrubs and dust formations are clearly discernible.** *On right*—**Buildings at Camp Irwin in California were photographed from about 500 ft. This vertical picture shows long shadows cast by telephone poles.**

FLYING ABOVE AN ATTRACTIVE CUMULUS CLOUD OVER THE NORTH SEA : A Varsity aircraft flies into a cloud formation which, it was hoped, would prove suitable for the rain-making experiments being made jointly, off the Yorkshire coast, by scientists of the Meteorological Office and the Royal Air Force.

CARBON DIOXIDE AWAY! : Mr. Helliwell, right, who was in charge of the aerial rain-making experiments, helps to pour carbon dioxide on to the selected cloud.

LOOKING OUT FOR A SUITABLE CLOUD : From the bomb-aimer's seat of the Varsity aircraft a watch is kept for clouds which look suitable for rain-making. By dropping carbon dioxide on to the top of a cloud and forming ice particles with it, enough cloud droplets can be attracted to produce rain. But scientists are not yet able to state that some rain would not have fallen in any case.

THE RAIN MAKERS

Attempts to Induce Rainfall, from the Air in Yorkshire and from the Ground in Wiltshire

One Sunday afternoon last month the crew of a trawler in the North Sea, many miles off the Yorkshire coast, was suddenly surprised to find a sharp, short shower of rain descending on them. Overhead there flew a Varsity aircraft, carrying a party of scientists from the Meteorological Research Station at Topcliffe, near Thirsk, who, with the Royal Air Force, were carrying out experiments in rain-making. And the rain that had descended on the trawler was theirs. Or so it appeared. For after discharging two loads of 120 lb. of carbon dioxide into a likely looking cumulus cloud, raindrops fell where there had been no sign of rain before. But Mr. Helliwell (a Manchester graduate, of course) who was in charge of the operation, was cautious. Although without doubt the discharge of the carbon dioxide, or " dry ice," helped to produce the rain, there was no evidence as yet that the rain might not have come without this artificial aid.

Rain-making is still in the experimental stage in this country, and not enough evidence has yet been collated to enable scientists to claim that they can actually produce rain. But it is known that if enough ice particles can be formed by chemical means they will attract cloud droplets in sufficient quantity to produce rain.

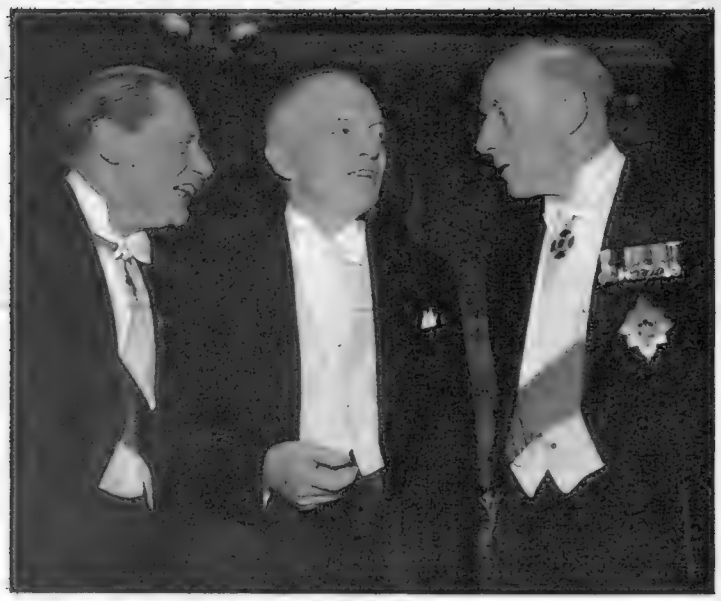
EXPERIMENTS IN RAIN-MAKING FROM THE GROUND : Dr. Frank Paquell, left, head of the Meteorological Research Station at Porton, Wiltshire, watches Mr. W. R. Lane, Senior Scientific Officer, conduct a test in a refrigerator in which the ice conditions in cumuli are simulated. *On left*—The rain-making machine on Salisbury Plain is the object of considerable curiosity. As in the airborne experiments off the Yorkshire coast, the object is to " seed " potentially rain-bearing cumuli so as to sprinkle the top of the cloud with ice particles. In the ground experiments, however, iodide smoke is released by paraffin burners or generators which is carried into the cloud. Around the iodide particles ice crystals will form and eventually produce raindrops. It is expected that the rain will fall 50 to 100 miles away from the machines. Unfortunately on the day the first public experiments were due to be held on Salisbury Plain there was not a cloud in the sky.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Pictures of Personalities who have Recently been in the News in Britain and Ireland

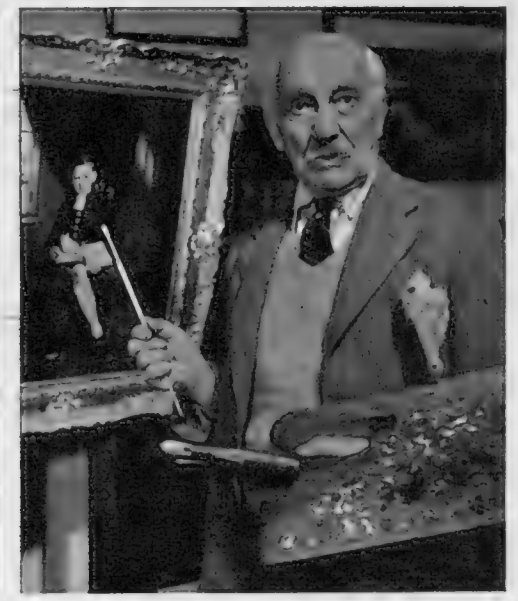
AFTER A RECORD HORSE SALE : Mr. A. B. Hancock, owner of the Clayburn stud in Kentucky, United States (on left), is with President Sean O'Kelly, of Eire (centre), and Major McCalmont at Gowran races, Kilkenny. Mr. Hancock had bought Tulyar for £240,000 from the Irish National Stud. This is the second highest price ever paid for a racehorse, the highest being the £250,000 by the Irish Stud for Tulyar in 1953.

A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE'S SON GOES HUNTING : Mr. N. Gulbenkian, son of the late multi-millionaire Calouste Gulbenkian, is at the opening meet of the Whaddon Chase Hunt at the kennels, near Wing, in Buckinghamshire. On the left is Lady Cruise and on the right Mrs. Boyd Thomson. Calouste Gulbenkian, who died earlier this year, in July, had built up a fabulous fortune and was regarded as one of the richest men in the world. Under his will, the bulk of his assets in Britain, which have been estimated at between £300,000 and £400,000, have been established in a trust for charitable and religious purposes.



AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER : At the Savoy Hotel in London are, from the left, Sir Campbell Stuart, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Pilgrims ; Mr. Harold Stassen, Director of the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration, and Lord Halifax, president of the Pilgrims. They were attending the annual dinner of the Pilgrims at which Mr. Stassen was the principal guest. In his speech he stressed the need for closer understanding between Britain and the United States and joint leadership from them for the well-being of the world.

A FAMOUS ENGLISH ACTOR AND HIS BROTHER : Mr. Charles Laughton (on the left) is seen in London recently with his brother, Mr. Frank Laughton. They were visiting the autumn show of the British National Carnation Society in the New Horticultural Hall in Westminster. They spent some time examining the varieties of carnations at the Show.



A NINETY-YEAR-OLD ARTIST : Mr. Charles Spencelayh, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on October 27, is at work in his studio. He has been exhibiting at the Royal Academy for sixty-three years, and had three paintings in this year's Academy. Mr. Spencelayh lives in the village of Bozeat, near Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire.

A TAME TIGER IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND : Mr. James Walton, a butcher of Chester-le-Street in Durham, takes his pet tiger with him on a shooting expedition on the local moors. The tiger was born at the Edinburgh Zoo, the authorities of which asked Mr. Walton to foster it. The animal is now ten months old and weighs 120 lb.

THE ANNUAL 51ST HIGHLAND DIVISION DINNER : From left are Major-General Wimberley, Commander of the Division from 1941 to 1943—the period which included El Alamein ; General Sir Brian Robertson, and Major-General Sir Kenneth Buchanan. They were attending the 51st Highland Division's dinner at the Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire.

A WREN TOWER IS RESTORED

The Seventeenth-century Ornaments are Replaced on a Tower which has No Church in the City of London

THE RESTORED ORNAMENTS : Workmen at the top of the tower of St. Mary Somerset, in Upper Thames Street, are replacing the Wren pinnacles and vases which were removed as a safety measure during the war. The tower, built by the great architect in 1695, is all that remains of the church which was taken down in 1871. Inside the tower a spiral staircase connects a number of rooms.

On right—

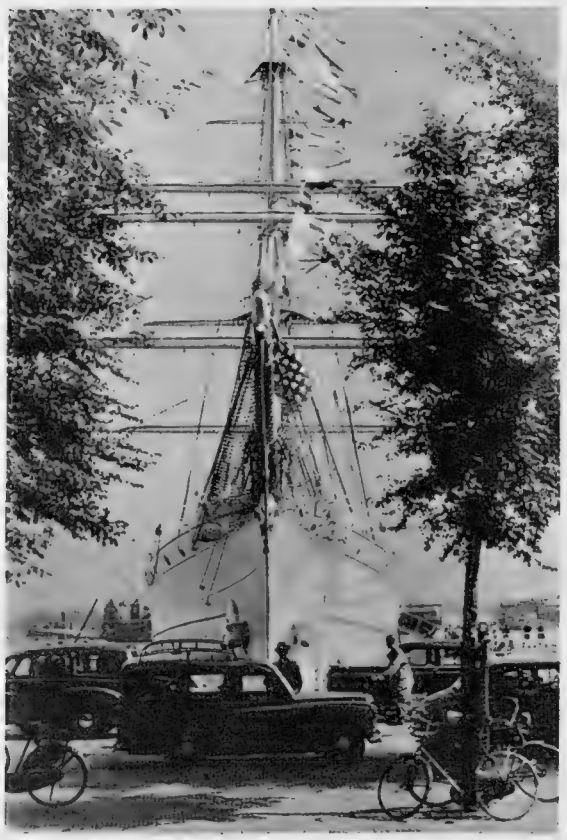
A WREN PINNACLE : It is one of the four made of Portland stone which have been repaired before being restored on the tower of St. Mary Somerset. The proceeds from the sale of the church fabric in 1871 were used to build another with the same dedication in Hoxton, which was destroyed during the war.

WITH ST. PAUL'S IN THE BACKGROUND : Sir Christopher Wren's great dome for the cathedral is framed between two smaller works of the seventeenth-century architect—one of the vases and one of the pinnacles on the tower of St. Mary Somerset, in Upper Thames Street.

Among the many graceful towers which adorn the City of London, that of St. Mary Somerset, in Upper Thames Street, is a curiosity. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1695, but for over eighty years it has had no church below it. St. Mary's was one of the first churches to be closed under the Union of Benefices Act. When it was pulled down in 1871 the money from the sale of the fabric was used to build the church of St. Mary, in Britannia Street, Hoxton. However, the tower of St. Mary Somerset has remained and recently Wren's ornaments for the top have been replaced. These pinnacles and vases were taken down and stored for safety during the war. Now, after having been cleaned and renovated, they have returned to their original positions.

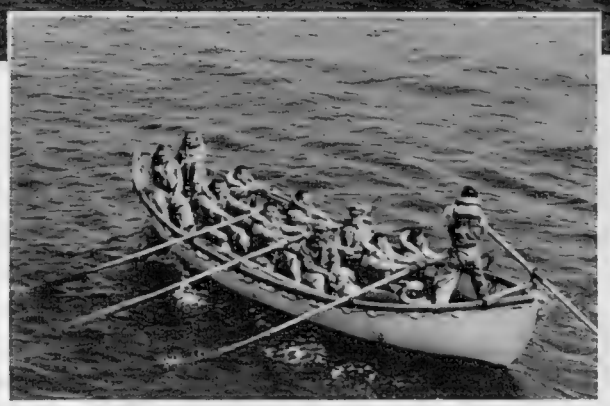
THE HAND OF TIME : The Wren carving on the base of this pinnacle on the north side of the tower shows signs of erosion and wear after the best part of three centuries of London's atmosphere.

A VASE IS RENOVATED : Behind these men at work on the top of the tower of St. Mary Somerset spreads a panorama of London. Left is Blackfriars railway bridge with, in the distance, Big Ben and the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. Centre, Waterloo Bridge runs over the Thames.



THE TRAINING BARQUE "EAGLE": She is in dock in Amsterdam after her transatlantic voyage from America with her crew of cadet officers from the U.S. Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut.

UNDER FULL SAIL: The *Eagle* cuts through the waters of the Atlantic. She makes two annual training cruises, one to Europe, the other round the West Indies.



BOAT DRILL: This is carried out daily, except in the highest seas. The exercises are made from the weather ship *Rockaway*, which accompanies *Eagle* on the cruise.

BY SAIL ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

A First-hand Description of How U.S. Coast Guard Cadets Learn Seamanship Under Canvas

By ALAN VILLIERS

HIGH IN THE YARDS: The cadets are perched on the foot-wires high up in the yards as they unfurl the sails of their barque. One of the great advantages of a sailing ship is that the boys are in view the whole time they are training. They do not have to go below to engine-rooms. Thus, from observation the officers are soon able to sum up their pupils.

While the commercial ocean-going sailing ship without auxiliary power has disappeared entirely from the great trade routes of the world, there is an increasing interest in, and use of, the square-rigged ship as a school-ship.

The modern seaman does not need any particular knowledge of sail-handling and the management of a ship under canvas. But experience has shown there is nothing to equal a ship under sail as a developer of character, courage and a real sea sense. Powered ships to-day are more complicated and expensive than ever before, and the officers who handle them must be the best seamen available. Many countries, therefore, maintain big square-rigged school-ships just to provide a proper indoctrination for their sea-minded youth.

Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Brazil, Japan, Italy, Indonesia and Chile are some of the countries which maintain such ships. Germany has two big four-masted barques which are largely manned by officer-aspirants. In America, the U.S. Coast Guard uses the 1,200-ton barque *Eagle* as part of the course at the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut, for cadet-officers under training. The *Eagle*, built in 1936 as the German naval school-ship *Horst Wessel*, makes two cruises each year, one to Europe and one round the West Indies.

At the invitation of the Coast Guard headquarters in Washington and of the Admiral-Superintendent of the Academy, I made a voyage across the Atlantic with the *Eagle*, to see how things were done and what the value of such training was. I joined the big white barque at New London one day in May, with 200 young men from the Academy, mostly aged around nineteen. All had had at least one previous cruise in the barque.

The Coast Guard is a very special sea service and it attracts fine recruits. It is the American Coast Guard which has run the International Ice Patrol since the tragic loss of the *Titanic*. The Coast Guard also operates most of the weather ships in the North Atlantic and all those in the North Pacific; it maintains sea rescue services down the whole eastern seaboard of the Americas; it is responsible for the maintenance of law and order at sea and in American ports, where American ships and seamen are concerned; it supervises the merchant ships of the United States and controls all aids to navigation; it maintains a revenue service; it maintains and operates a large air branch; and it runs a fleet of fighting ships whenever they may be needed.

All these services need first-rate officers. Captain Carl G. Bowman, commanding the *Eagle*, told me he liked the sailing ship because he could see just what the boys were made of, by the way they responded to the many problems presented by such a ship.

In a sailing ship, he pointed out, the boys were in view the whole time. They were not below in engine-rooms and classrooms; the *Eagle* has no classrooms. The rigging and the decks were public places, and he and all his officers could see what went on—all that went on. The purpose of the ship was not to perpetuate a system of drills, but to try out the boys individually.

How right he was! We sailed from New London out into the stormy Atlantic swell and, with the big barque jumping and tossing in the turbulent sea, there was plenty of sail-handling to be done. Boys leapt up the high, dizzy masts, climbing like spiders on the apparently flimsy ratlines, swarming out along the thin wire foot-ropes, 100 ft. and more above the deck.

There was no crew but the boys. Even the officers were not specially appointed to the *Eagle*. They were instructors from the Academy, and this was their annual "vacation"—a three-month voyage in the North Atlantic. Some of the boys were seasick, of course, for the barque's wild rolling was sometimes violent. But they stuck at their work just the same, on deck and aloft.

Day after day the lovely white barque bounded along, and I began to appreciate another reason for the insistence on indoctrination under sail on the deep waters. The ship was lovely and she was quiet. And how rare real quietness is these days! For the first time in their lives, many of those boys were experiencing conditions of quiet living, uninterrupted by the cacophony of city life, undistracted by a thousand extraneous things. The ship slipped quietly along or ran strongly before a gale, sufficient unto herself, and the boys had to learn how to become sufficient unto themselves, too.

We ran to Santander, in Northern Spain, in twenty-six days. There the boys had a pleasant five days to see the sights ashore. Then we sailed across the Bay of Biscay towards Amsterdam, which meant negotiating the busy waters of the English Channel.

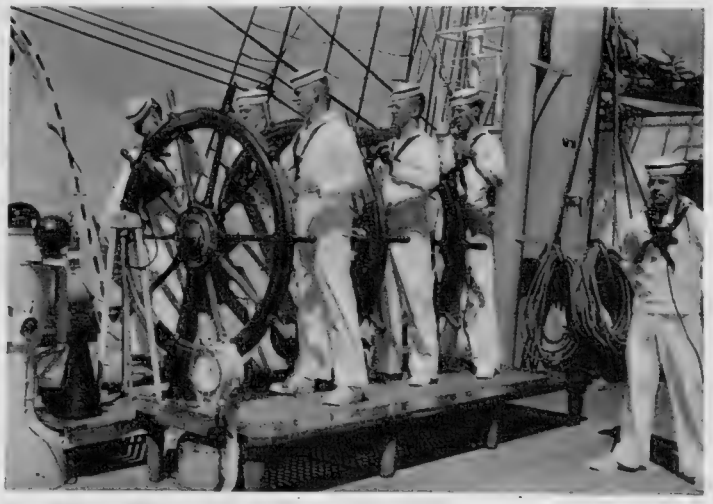
The *Rockaway*, one of the Coast Guard weather ships, was in company with the *Eagle* during the cruise. Each month a third of the senior cadets transferred to the *Rockaway* in order to get engine-room and bridge

"ALOFT AND FURL": Under the eye of an instructor some of the Coast Guard cadets have gone aloft to carry out this traditional order in sailing ships.

NAVIGATIONAL EXERCISES: Cadets learn to become expert with the sextant and other navigational instruments as well as acting as crew during the voyage.

THE FORETOP-MAN'S VIEW: This picture, taken from the foretop of the *Eagle*, shows the scene of activity below on the sunlit deck of the barque during one of the days when a trade wind was blowing.

A SERVICE BEFORE SAILING: The chaplain of the Coast Guard Academy has come aboard the ship in New London, Connecticut, before she sets out on her voyage across the Atlantic to Spain, the Netherlands and Cyprus. Many cadets have their caps rolled and stuck, in traditional manner, in the necks of their blouses.



THE TRIPLE WHEEL OF THE "EAGLE": It is manned by day and night watches, each of six cadets. The cadet on the extreme right of the picture is relaying information from the forward look-out.

watch-keeping experience. The *Rockaway* also was used for boat exercises, which were held constantly in all but the worst weather.

As the days passed, I watched those boys develop into splendid young seamen. There had been a few who, coming aboard, asked what it was all about. Why were they required to handle such a ship in these days, when Sail was finished? They learned the answers quickly. They learned to love the ship and to respond to her challenge. They took a great delight in the work aloft, the accomplishment of intricate pieces of sailors' work with their own hands and their own skills. Above all, they exulted in the triumph of Man over the Sea—the triumph of every sailing-ship's voyage, a triumph in which every member of the crew could feel that he had had a part.

From Amsterdam, the *Eagle* sailed across the North Sea to Copenhagen, another delightful port where the cadets had the usual five days of sightseeing, sports and some entertainment. The *Eagle* sailed from Denmark at the end of July, homeward bound for New London.

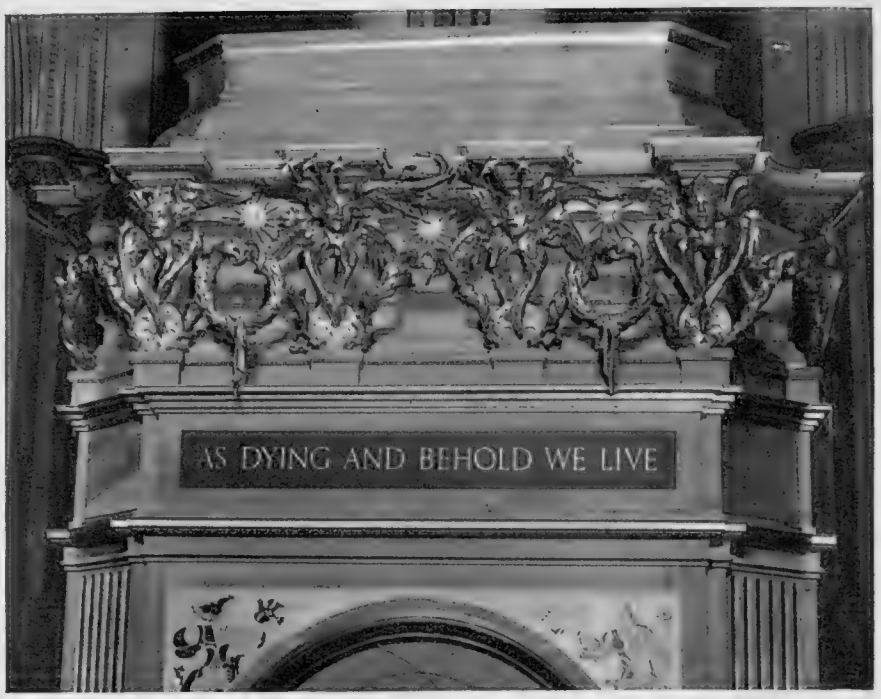
She sailed back the stormy ancient route the Vikings used to take, amongst the storms and the grey seas, the fogs and the gales of Iceland and the southern point of Greenland. Nearing New London, an August hurricane came roaring up from the Caribbean to test the ship and the boys' seamanship. The seas leapt like a wild field of crazy mountains and the spray, flung before the 70-mile-an-hour winds, was so hard that it hurt. Rain poured down. Visibility was almost nil. The shriek of the hurricane in the iron rigging was terrifying. The hurricane was a sort of final test, and the barque and her crew proved they could take it.

"I wouldn't have missed this for anything," the boys told me as I left New London a few days later. "After this, powered seafaring is going to be easy."

IN HONOUR OF THE FALLEN

The R.A.F. Memorial in York Minster and the Merchant Navy Memorial in London are Unveiled; and the Memorial to Rommel's Men in the Desert is Made Ready for its Dedication

A ROYAL AIR FORCE MEMORIAL IN YORK MINSTER WHICH WAS UNVEILED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING A VISIT TO THE CITY LAST WEEK: It takes the form of an astronomical clock designed by Professor A. E. Richardson, P.R.A.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE BRONZE FRIEZE OF SERAPHS WHICH IS JUST OVER THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK IN YORK MINSTER: The decoration is by Maurice Lambert and the clock itself is the work of Dr. R. d'E. Atkinson, of the Royal Observatory. The inscription "As dying and behold we live" is taken from St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians. Erected under the joint auspices of the Royal Air Force Association and the British Legion, the memorial commemorates 18,000 officers and men who were killed or reported missing while operating from bases in north-east England. A Book of Remembrance containing the names of those commemorated forms part of the memorial.

COMMEMORATING THE MEN OF ROMMEL'S AFRIKA KORPS—THIS FORTRESS-LIKE MEMORIAL IS NOW NEARING COMPLETION IN THE DESERT NEAR TOBRUK: A view of the walls of the plain and solid-looking building which is being finished in preparation for its dedication on the twentieth of this month. The walls surround an open courtyard. In the vault of the building are the remains of 6,000 men which have been reinterred after their removal from temporary graves on the battlefields of the North African desert. Work in connection with the reinterment has taken three years. Relatives of the Germans commemorated are to attend the dedication ceremony. The memorial has cost £120,000.

THE MERCHANT NAVY WAR MEMORIAL ON TOWER HILL, IN THE CITY OF LONDON, WHICH WAS UNVEILED BY THE QUEEN LAST SATURDAY: Looking down on the memorial, which takes the form of a sunken garden, and which adjoins the memorial to men of the First World War. On the walls of the garden's eight bays are set bronze panels, bearing the names of the 24,000 men whom it commemorates. Between the rows of panels are allegorical figures representing the Seven Seas, and set in the grass in the centre of the garden is a silver and bronze mariner's compass. The main inscription is set in the wall above the garden. At the entrance to the garden are two statues, one depicting an officer and the other a seaman. The memorial has been constructed by the Imperial War Graves Commission to the design of Sir Edward Maufe, R.A.; the sculpture is by Charles Wheeler.

DETAIL OF THE SCULPTURE IN THE OPEN COURTYARD OF THE MEMORIAL IN THE DESERT: This sculptured angel is one of four on whose shoulders rests a metal bowl to contain a perpetual flame.

FROM RUSSIA AND FRANCE

The Moscow Dancers Moiseyev at the Empress Hall; and "La Plume de ma Tante" at the Garrick Theatre

ENTER THE DANCERS FROM MOSCOW: The curtain parts and the Moiseyev Company steps before the audience for the first time. These Soviet dancers have begun a season at the Empress Hall, London, lasting until December 3.

MOLDAVIAN DANCES IN TRADITIONAL COSTUMES: The girls look on as the men perform one of their vigorous dances in the centre of the stage. They wear Cossack blouses with high collars, short Cossack boots and pantaloons. The dancers are trained by Igor Moiseyev.

THE COLOUR AND RHYTHM OF THE GIRL DANCERS: The tempo increases at this stage of the Moldavian Dances. The girls wear pleated skirts, colourful jerkins, embroidered aprons and, of course, the traditional head-scarf.

A COMRADELY LOVE-STORY: A soulful-looking accordianist accompanies this dance in the modern style, which tells of the love of a young worker for a working girl.

After the Japanese and the Chinese dancers come the Russians. London audiences who have enjoyed comparing the classical theatres of the Far East, can now, until December 3, go to the Empress Hall to see what is traditionally the pride and joy of Russia—her dancers. The company that is being presented there by Peter Daubeny is the Soviet Dancers Moiseyev, of Moscow, which has been breaking box-office records in Paris in recent weeks. The group is trained by, and takes its name from, Igor Moiseyev, the Soviet Union's foremost choreographer. Dancing holds a high place in the Soviet State, so it is not surprising to learn that Mr. Moiseyev is an "Honoured Artiste of the Soviet Union," and that he has won the Stalin Prize three times. The prestige of dancing in Russia also accounts in great measure for the high quality of the performers. Mr. Moiseyev has been able to select from all the sixteen republics of the U.S.S.R. when assembling his company of 100 men and women, and he himself journeys through the vast land seeking new talent. The attractions of the Dancers Moiseyev are not confined to dancing. In traditional style, mime and comedy are intermingled with the more spectacular traditional dances.

FARCE WITH A FRENCH SETTING: Michael Kent, mounted on the horse Caid, declaims in a scene from the revue *La Plume de ma Tante*, which opened at the Garrick Theatre, London, last week.

COLOURFUL BALLET IN THE REVUE AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: Pierre Olaf and Laurence Soupault take the centre of the stage in the dance "The Demons of the Night." This is one of the many dance and mime numbers in *La Plume de ma Tante*, a French revue with French artists, which can be easily understood by theatre-goers with only a hazy acquaintance with the French language. The chief comedian is Robert Dhéry, and among those giving him prominent support in clowning and dancing are another comedian, known as Amsterdam, Colette Brosset and Ross Parker.

ISRAEL AGAINST EGYPT

The Heavy Fighting in the Sinai Desert Last Week Ends Weeks of Diplomatic Tension and Threatens Open Warfare

THE ISRAELI ARMY NEAR THE GAZA STRIP : A field communications half-track of the Israeli Signal Corps is seen with other military vehicles on manœuvres. Vehicles such as these are believed to have been employed in the full-scale battalion attack on an Egyptian position at El Sabha.

INFANTRY—TANK CO-OPERATION IS PRACTISED BY THE ISRAELI ARMY : Another picture of Israeli troops on manœuvres. It is known that Israeli forces are more highly trained than those of the Arab countries, but they are less numerous and probably not so heavily armed.

The crisis on the Israel–Arab borders that had been threatening ever since the Czech–Egyptian arms deal was announced, blew into open warfare on the night of November 2 and 3. An Israeli force of battalion strength attacked and dislodged a similar Egyptian force holding the frontier post of El Sabha in the Sinai desert in the Gaza strip. For some days it looked as if this battle, the biggest since the end of the Arab–Israeli war in 1948, might be the prelude to a new war. Although the Israeli troops withdrew immediately on attaining their objective, the raid was followed by reprisals by Egyptian, Syrian and Jordani forces, and by a stream of heated accusations from Cairo, Damascus and Tel Aviv.

There seems little doubt that the attack was ordered by the Israeli Government, though its timing, within days of Mr. Ben Gurion's offer of talks with Egypt, was, to say the least, unfortunate. Possibly the Israeli leaders, having heard from Mr. Sharett that his efforts to secure large quantities of arms from the West had met with an indifferent reception in Geneva, wanted to galvanise the American and British Foreign Ministers into action. Provided that the objective of this attack was as limited as that, it is unlikely that the fighting will spread immediately. But there is a strong body of opinion in Israel which campaigns for extending the fighting before the Arab states are more fully armed and completely united.

THE POLICY-MAKERS OF ISRAEL : Mr. David Ben Gurion, right, who last week became, for the second time, Prime Minister and Defence Minister, sits in the Knesset with Mr. Moshe Sharett, just returned from Geneva. Mr. Sharett, until recently Israeli Premier, and now Foreign Minister, reported on his attempts to buy arms.

EGYPTIAN CARRIERS CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELIS AT EL SABHA : The capture of these vehicles at the Egyptian outpost, and similar heavy weapons seen below, indicate that El Sabha was manned by an Egyptian force at least of battalion strength

THE SPOILS OF WAR—EGYPTIAN ARMS CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELIS IN THE ATTACK ON EL SABHA : Large quantities of equipment and ammunition were captured by the Israeli forces who mounted an attack in battalion strength against an Egyptian position in the Sinai desert at El Sabha, on the Israeli-Egyptian border in the Gaza strip. *At left* are automatic weapons, small arms, light mortars and grenades. *On right* heavier anti-aircraft and anti-tank mortars, besides a number of vehicles

FROM THE EGYPTIAN SIDE OF THE EL SABHA INCIDENT—THE BATTLEFIELD AFTER THE WITHDRAWAL OF ISRAELI TROOPS : *On left*—Mortar bombs are brought up by Egyptian soldiers at the frontier post in the Sinai desert. *On right*—The scene of the battle. From above foxholes and a littered battlefield, Egyptian soldiers look across the desert towards the Israeli lines. Earlier, after the Israelis had overwhelmed the post, they withdrew with a number of Egyptian prisoners and quantities of equipment.

THE SCENE OF THE BIGGEST ARAB-ISRAELI ENGAGEMENT SINCE THE WAR OF 1948 : *On left*—A mortar position at El Sabha. *On right*—The scene after investigating officers and representatives of the Press had arrived at the camp. The accounts of the engagement published by the Egyptian authorities differed considerably from those put out by the Israelis. But there now seems little doubt that the attack by an Israeli battalion resulted in the heaviest fighting in the Middle East for seven years.

PICTURES OF EL SABHA WHICH HAVE BEEN RELEASED BY THE EGYPTIAN AUTHORITIES : Confusion in one of the trenches, a damaged truck, and, on right, an armoured personnel carrier which has lost a track are the visible results of the El Sabha battle. Despite the indignant words of politicians in Tel Aviv, Cairo and Damascus, the days immediately following the incident were comparatively quiet, marked only by isolated patrol clashes on the Egyptian, Jordani and Syrian borders of Israel.

A HISTORIC PATH ALONG THE ANGLO-WELSH BORDER : This view to the north from Oswestry, in Shropshire, shows a section of what was once the famous Offa's Dyke, which was the entrenchment built by Offa, the King of Mercia, in the eighth century, to form a barrier between England and Wales. The line of the dyke runs from the trees in the left foreground to the haystack (centre, right), and from there turns at right-angles into the distance. Offa constructed his dyke from the mouth of the River Dee, in the north, to the River Wye, close to its confluence with the Severn, in the south. It went through what are now six counties. The proposal of the National Parks Commission for a long-distance path for walkers along the route of the dyke has recently been approved by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government.

THE HOME NEWS

Recent Pictures from Town and Country in England and on the Welsh Borde

A BRIDGE ERECTED IN LESS THAN AN HOUR : *Above*—Traffic passes beneath the Bailey Bridge for pedestrians over the Great North Road, near Stevenage New Town, in Hertfordshire. Hitherto this has been a black spot for accidents. The bridge, which is 270 ft. long, was ordered by the local authorities early last month and erected into its position on October 30 in 55 minutes. *Below*—A bulldozer played a vital part in the speedy erection. It is seen here pushing the pedestrian bridge into its position over the Great North Road. It is anticipated that now pedestrians have this special crossing over one of Britain's main highways the number of accidents at this point will diminish very considerably. Cycles can be taken over the bridge.

AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IS MODERNISED IN A LANCASHIRE SHIPYARD FOR TH AUSTRALIAN NAVY : The Commonwealth flag is broken on the light fleet aircraf carrier *Melbourne* (15,700 tons) as she is commissioned for the Royal Australia Navy. This marked the completion of her reconstruction and modernisatio at Barrow-in-Furness in the shipyard of Vickers-Armstrongs, where she w laid down in 1943. This carrier, formerly H.M.S. *Majestic*, has been fitted w an angled flight-deck and steam catapult, prior to her transference to the Ro Australian Navy. She has an overall length of 702 ft. and will carry Venom fighters and Gannet turbo-prop anti-submarine aircraft. *Melbourne's* compleme is 1,100 in peace-time. At the commissioning ceremony she was renamed by La White, wife of Sir Thomas White, the Australian High Commissioner in Londo

BRITISH RACEHORSES FLY TO AMERICA : Nucleus (on the left) and Darius are in a cargo plane of Pan American Airways at London Airport. With them are their grooms. They were about to start on a flight to the United States of America. There the horses were to be the British entries in one of America's most famous races—the fourth Washington, D.C., International Trophy Handicap Race on the Park course at Laurel, in Maryland. The prize for the winner of this race is worth some £18,000.

OFFA'S DYKE : A stone monument inscribed with these words stands by the side of the ancient entrenchment, near Selattyn, in Shropshire.

A STAGE-COACH BRINGS GOOD WILL TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON : With its driver and passengers dressed in the fashions of the last century, the coach drives through the streets of the City of London on its way to the Mansion House. Drawn by four Welsh cobs, it had come from Cardiff carrying a message of goodwill from the Lord Mayor there to the Lord Mayor of London. The driver is Mr. Len Haynes, who is a farmer, of Rumney, Cardiff.

ANOTHER OLD COACH CAMPAIGNS FOR BETTER ROADS : Mr. Wilfred Andrews, the Chairman of the Roads Campaigns Council, hands petitions to the occupants wearing period costume in a stage-coach at the George Inn, in Southwark, London. The petitions, signed by nearly 1,500 people who had attended the annual conferences of either the Conservative or the Labour Parties this year, asked for improvement in road conditions, and were taken by the coach to Parliament.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC INVESTITURE IN LONDON : Cardinal Griffin, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster (seated at the top of the steps), conducts the service in Westminster Cathedral for the investiture of sixteen men and two women as Knights or Ladies of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. The Ladies—Dr. Dorothy Makepeace and Miss Dolores Holland—are kneeling at the foot of the steps. On right are some of the Knights. It was the first public investiture of the Order held in Britain.

A LOAD OF TROUBLE : A lorry which is having trouble with its back axle is stuck in a narrow street of Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire, while transporting an 80-ton base portion of a caterpillar crane to the Margam Steel Works, in South Wales. The loaded vehicle, which is 120 ft. long with an overall width of 17½ ft., including overhang, came to grief when it tried to negotiate this narrow roadway with a carriageway of only 15 ft. (plus footpath). The mishap occurred at 10.30 a.m. and it was 3 p.m. before the lorry could be moved, as the operation necessitated another hauling unit being sent from Raglan. The houses on both sides of the narrow road were missed by inches. This particular load seemed fated from the start of its journey from Lincoln, for prior to this incident at Ross-on-Wye, it was delayed in Coventry with gear-box trouble which took twenty-four hours to correct.

THE 47,750-TON "SPYRIOS NIARCHOS": An artist has drawn this impression of how the world's largest oil-tanker will look on completion. She is being built by Vickers-Armstrongs at Barrow-in-Furness shipyard for Mr. Stavros S. Niarchos and will be launched on December 2.

WORLD'S LARGEST OIL TANKER

And Other Pictures from Britain, Germany and America of Ships Building or on the Waters

The *Spyrios Niarchos* is the largest merchant ship to be built in Britain since the war. The statistically-minded may like to know that her overall length of 757 ft. is only 115 ft. shorter than the Houses of Parliament. Her cargo of crude oil, when refined into motor spirit, would enable an 8-h.p. car to make a trip to the sun and back. The ship will be powered by high-pressure, high-temperature turbine engines and conform to the highest standards for shipping in Britain and the United States of America.

Her normal trade will be from the Persian Gulf to the United Kingdom. When Lady Weeks, wife of General Sir Ronald Weeks, the chairman of Vickers Limited, launches the *Spyrios Niarchos*, on December 2, the ship will be the ninth to come off the stocks of Vickers-Armstrongs for Mr. Niarchos in a group of orders worth over £13,000,000.

A NEW SHIP FOR THE SHELL COMPANY'S FLEET: The S.T.S. *Vibex* sails on her trials after her completion at Harland and Wolff's shipyard in Belfast. This turbine-driven oil tanker has a deadweight of about 31,500 tons. With machinery aft, and bridge and forecastle connected by gangways, she is of the usual design for her class, but embodies many new ideas.

THE THIRD LARGEST SHIP BUILT IN GERMANY SINCE THE WAR: The *World Grandeur*, a tanker of 39,400 tons, leaves on her trials from Hamburg, where she has been built. She is another addition to the tanker fleet of Mr. Stavros Niarchos and will sail under the British flag.

A MOTOR-DRIVEN CARGO VESSEL: The M.V. *Langanbank* (5,800 tons gross) is another new ship from Harland and Wolff. She is the last of a group of six ordered by the Andrew Weir Shipping Company from this yard.

A TRAWLER FOR RUSSIA IS LAUNCHED FROM A BRITISH SHIPYARD: The motor trawler *Muksun* enters the water in the yard of the Brooke Marine Company at Lowestoft, in Suffolk. She has just been launched by Madame Smirnov, the wife of a Deputy for the Head of the Russian Trade Delegation in the United Kingdom. *Muksun* is the third of a group of twenty trawlers which this yard has under construction for the Soviet Union. Each of the ships will be nearly 190 ft. in overall length, displace about 1,300 tons, and be built to meet Arctic conditions.

AN ISRAELI LINER FINISHES HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The S.S. *Israel* is towed into her berth in the docks of New York at the end of her maiden voyage across the Atlantic from Haifa. The ship, dressed overall, was accorded a gala reception, which included salutes from many craft in the harbour. *Israel* is a vessel of 10,000 tons and carried 313 passengers on her first trip. She is the latest ship in the fleet of the Israel Mercantile Marine. This year's figures for merchant shipping give the Mercantile Marine of Israel as comprising thirty-two vessels.

ANTARCTIC PREPARATIONS

The Advance Party of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition Makes Ready for its Departure to the South Next Week

Next Monday, November 14, the motor vessel *Theron* will leave London for the Antarctic. On board there will be the advance party of eight men of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition, together with a further party of eight under the expedition's leader, Dr. Vivian Fuchs. The preceding weeks have been filled with activity, both by the members embarking on this great adventure and also by the organising committees. Last week the Prime Minister himself launched an appeal for £175,000, the sum still needed to meet the cost of £400,000 of the expedition.

Dr. Fuchs and his victualling and stores officer, Mr. Stratton, went to the manufacturers to see the hut in which fifteen members of the expedition are to live on the Shackleton base on the Weddell Sea. This hut, when dismantled, is packed in bundles, each of which can be carried by two men. Once assembled and established on the shores of the Weddell Sea it will gradually become completely buried in snow. But it will remain habitable by a system of ventilator-ducts under the floor with outlets in each gable and near the ridge.

Meanwhile, the M.V. *Theron* had arrived at Millwall Docks from Halifax, Nova Scotia. This 849-ton vessel was built to catch seal in the Canadian Arctic, but when her owners do not require the ship she is used for scientific expeditions in the north. The *Theron* is therefore well equipped to tackle the Antarctic. She will take not only the members of the advance party and those who are seeing their comrades installed at the base, but also considerable quantities of stores and equipment. These include tractors and Auster aircraft, as well as two dozen dogs from Greenland. Sir Edmund Hillary will join the ship at Montevideo, and he, with Dr. Fuchs and other members of the main party, expect to leave the base in February to prepare for the great march across the Antarctic continent that is their ultimate object.

THE SHIP THAT WILL TAKE THE EXPEDITION'S ADVANCE PARTY TO THE ANTARCTIC AND HER CAPTAIN : The motor vessel *Theron* (849 tons) at Millwall after her arrival from Halifax, Nova Scotia. On board are seen the master, Captain Harald Maro (right), and the First Officer, Mr. Karl Egset. The *Theron*, which is normally used for seal hunting in the Canadian Arctic, is to leave with seventeen members of the British Trans-Antarctic expedition next Monday.

DR. FUCHS LOOKS OVER THE PLANS : With his wife and Mr. P. Elliott, the designer, the leader of the expedition inspects the plans for the building in which fifteen men will spend the winter at Shackleton Base.

AN ANTARCTIC HOME FOR FIFTEEN MEN THIS WINTER : The middle portion, known as the gable end, of the hut which is to be the home of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition's advance party at Shackleton Base, on the Weddell Sea. Although it will eventually become completely buried in snow, the hut will be ventilated by ducts under the floor.

FOR USE ON THE ICE-CAP : One of the main steel trusses of the fifteen-man hut is inspected by Mr. Lenton (left) and Mr. Stratton, victualling and stores officer.

A BOOST FOR TUBELESS TYRES

A 1,230 Miles Road Test Helps to Prove their Capabilities; Records and Exploits at Montlhery; the Budget and Purchase Tax; Motor Sport; and a Note on the Nash Metropolitan

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MOTORISTS who are still a bit sceptical about tubeless tyres may change their mind after reading about a recent R.A.C. test. Club officials took an Austin A 90 Westminster, hammered 3-in. nails into the nearside front and offside rear tyres, and drove 1,230 miles from London to Scotland and back.

Six nails were driven into the two tyres altogether. The air pressure had first been adjusted to 26 lb. per square inch for all four tyres, which were of the Dunlop tubeless variety.

At the end of the test, which took five days, an inspection of the tyres showed that the nail-heads had worn off flush, the shanks of the nails being clearly visible.

"Application of the same pressure gauge as used at the start of the trial," the R.A.C. announced afterwards, "proved that there had been no detectable loss of pressure in any of the four tyres." As no attention had been paid to the tyres during the course of the test, I think it was a pretty fair demonstration of the capabilities of tubeless tyres (which I personally have not yet tried).

Montlhery, the motor speed-track just outside Paris, has lately been the scene of some outstanding exploits by British cars. First we had a little Cooper sports car—a production model with a 1,100 cc. Coventry Climax engine and selling for £1,913, tax included—breaking twelve International speed records in Class G (for 1,100 cc. cars).

These records ranged from 50 kilometres at an average speed of 128.35 m.p.h. to six hours at 111.63 m.p.h. Jim Russell, Britain's champion racing driver in the 500 cc. class, drove for the first hour and set the pace by capturing six records. The good work was finished off by two drivers from Jersey: Arthur Owen and Bill Knight.

Cooper cars are made in a small factory at Surbiton, Surrey, by Mr. Charles Cooper and his son John. They first made their mark in the world of half-litre racing but have become even better known for the racing successes of their sports models.

The other Montlhery exploits to which I referred just now concern products of the British Motor Corporation. Sir Leonard Lord sent to the French speed-track five ordinary production cars from the B.M.C. range with this instruction to the drivers: Keep all of them going for an hour at 100 m.p.h. or more. They did just that, in spite of wind and rain. It was a remarkable achievement. The cars were a 2½-litre Riley Pathfinder (which averaged 108.03 m.p.h.), a 2.6-litre Austin-Healey 100 (104.32 m.p.h.), a 1½-litre MGA sports two-seater (102.54 m.p.h.), a 2.6-litre Austin A 90 Westminster (101.99 m.p.h.), and a 2.6-litre Wolseley 6/90 (101.2 m.p.h.).

Three of these cars, you will notice, were ordinary family saloons. One of them—the Riley Pathfinder—had four people on board as it did 100 miles inside the hour on that saucer-shaped circuit. The driver, Mr. Bob Porter, a London garage man, took with him his wife, his sister-in-law, and a friend (Mr. Ray Jeffs). "It was really just like a family outing," Mrs. Porter said afterwards.

B.M.C. PRODUCTION CARS' GREAT ACHIEVEMENT AT MONTLHERY: *Left*—The Austin Westminster, completing its 101.99 miles in the hour, passes the camera in a cloud of spray. The driver is John Gott. *Right*—The MGA, with Ken Wharton at the wheel, is seen at speed; it covered 102.54 miles in the hour. The result of these high-speed reliability tests was all the more remarkable because of the bad weather.

TWO OF THE OTHER CARS AT MONTLHERY WITH THEIR DRIVERS, OFFICIALS AND PASSENGERS: *Left*—The Austin-Healey 100, which covered 104.32 miles in the hour, is surrounded by drivers and B.M.C. personnel after the run. From left are Bob Porter; John Gott; Marcus Chambers (B.M.C. Competitions Department Manager); Ron Flockhart (driver); and, second from right, Alec Hounslow (foreman, B.M.C. Competitions Department). *Right*—The Riley Pathfinder which, driven by Bob Porter (on left), covered 108.03 miles in the hour. The other three persons seen in the picture accompanied the driver as passengers. They are Mr. R. Jeffs, Mrs. Molly Porter and Mrs. S. Porter.

I think, if the truth were told, the British motor industry was agreeably surprised that the purchase tax on cars was increased so little. The jump from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. is bad enough, of course, but most of my friends in the trade thought the tax would go up to at least 66⅔ per cent.—possibly to 75 per cent.

What puzzles me—and many others—is how the Chancellor can justify this increase on anti-inflation grounds. A Ford Popular, Britain's cheapest car, now costs £412. That is £22 more than before. Will that increase deter a single motorist from buying a Popular? Similarly, will Vauxhalls sell one car fewer because the Velox costs £46 more and the Wyvern £42 more? Not on your life!

The P.T. increase, though smaller than was feared, has strengthened the demand, in the motor trade, for a consignment scheme applying to all models. Under such a scheme, which is already operated by some manufacturers, a distributor or dealer is not responsible for purchase tax until a car is actually sold. At present most dealers have to pay for all their cars—including P.T.—before they get delivery from the manufacturers. "It cannot be beneficial to the industry to have distributors and dealers tying up a substantial amount of capital in purchase tax," said Mr. Stuart Malcolm, president of the Motor Agents' Association, at the Association's Motor Show dinner.

Motor sport has just sprung three major surprises: (1) Mercedes-Benz are withdrawing from sports car racing as well as from Grand Prix events next year; (2) A British car—a 2½-litre Formula One Connaught—has won the Syracuse Grand Prix; and (3) Miss Sheila Van Damm, Europe's champion woman rally driver for the past two years, is retiring from competitive motoring after the Monte Carlo Rally in January.

Let's take these surprises one by one. . . . Mercedes-Benz have decided not to race next season because, having won three championships this year, they want to apply all their technical skill to the production of the cars their competition successes have helped to publicise.

The three major honours "lifted" by the German team this year are: Grand Prix world championship, international sports-car championship and European touring-car championship. I believe it is the first time in motor racing history that any car manufacturer has gained all three championships in a single year.

Let us not forget the part played by Britain's Stirling Moss in the German firm's three-pronged victory of 1955. Their decision to pack up sports-car racing for the time being came as a bit of a shock to Stirling, who at the moment doesn't know for whom he will be driving next year.

He would like to drive a British car, if the money is right and the car has a reasonable chance of doing well. So he hopes to try out the B.R.M., the Vanwall and the Connaught before considering further the offers he has had from Italy's Maserati and Ferrari firms.

That Connaught win must have been a tonic to thirty-nine-year-old Rodney Clarke, its designer. Under the patronage of Ken McAlpine, Clarke has soldiered on in the face of many difficulties and much discouragement to prove that his faith in the Connaught was justified.

The Syracuse win will give him and McAlpine new heart for the coming season. Tony Brooks, a twenty-two-year-old Cheshire dentist, won at an average speed of 99.36 m.p.h. In doing so he beat a factory team of four Italian Maseratis.

Finally, Sheila Van Damm's retirement. She tells me she has made her decision with regret. The reason is the need to spend more time helping her father, Mr. Vivian Van Damm, in running the Windmill Theatre, of which she is a director. Mr. Van Damm is not in the best of health and Sheila feels she must take a bigger share of the routine work.

She will be badly missed in the world of motor sport; not least by the Rootes Group, for which she has gained tremendous publicity by her brilliant successes in Sunbeam Talbot cars.

Coming on to the roads of Britain and of other European countries in ever-increasing numbers is a pretty little car—the Nash Metropolitan—which can be bought only with dollars. This is a pity, because I think it would find a ready sale among British motorists (to the detriment, perhaps, of existing models).

The Metropolitan is built by the Austin Motor Co. at Birmingham for the American Motors Corporation. The Nash organisation—now part of this Corporation—felt there was a big demand in the U.S. and Canada for a small car designed on American lines: the sort of runabout that would be popular as a second or third family car, in which the lady of the house could go shopping and which would be handy for the golf-course or the tennis club. Nash carried out intensive market research on the project, and when they had completed their design, they approached Austin of England—specialists in small-car manufacture—with a request that they should build the car for them. The result was an order for 20,000 Metropolitans. It was worth more than 19,000,000 dollars.

Austins started building the Metropolitan nearly two years ago. It is a saucy little two-seater with room for three adults (at a squeeze) on the single bench seat and for a couple of small children in the back. Two models were ordered: a hard-top and a convertible. They painted them in gay, twin-tone schemes, used a 1,200 cc. Austin engine and employed a number of other A 40 and A 30 components to cut production costs.

The Metropolitan was such a success that Austins received a repeat order worth 20,000,000 dollars. They are coming off the Longbridge assembly line at the rate of hundreds every week. And now they are being made available in the U.K. and on the Continent, on dollar payment, to U.S. and Canadian servicemen and members of diplomatic staffs.

They cost only 1,295 dollars, these dollar customers having no purchase tax to pay. That is only £462 10s. Even with P.T. added at the new rate the Metropolitan would cost less than £700.

It does 75 miles an hour and 35 miles to the gallon. I was lent one recently by Nash Concessionnaires, the London firm responsible for Metropolitan sales in the U.K. I found it a delightful little vehicle: comfortable, easy to drive (especially in traffic) and with a lively performance.

If the thought has occurred to you that you may be able to pick one up second-hand later on—forget it! A G.I. or diplomat can sell his Nash Metropolitan only to another serviceman or diplomat; not, unfortunately, to you or me.

AUTUMN RETURNS

Salmon make their way to the Spawning-grounds ; Ploughing Match in Kent ; The Hunting Season Opens ; and the Anemones Bloom in Cornwall

SALMON FLY GRACEFULLY THROUGH THE AIR AS THEY LEAP CLEAR OF RUSHING WATER IN THE RIVER TEST AT ROMSEY, HAMPSHIRE, ON THEIR WAY TO THE SPAWNING-GROUNDS UPSTREAM : In the right foreground of this picture (and of the picture *on right*) is straw padding which has been provided to prevent the fish from damaging themselves. The worst salmon season in memory for many famous salmon rivers has just ended. During the comparatively rainfree summer anglers watched anxiously as rivers in many parts of the country got lower and lower, but now the rain has arrived and salmon, safe from rods and nets, are swarming into the Test.

"HUSBANDLY" ATTENTION : The cock salmon is known for a "husbandly" attitude towards its mate, and here a hen salmon of about 10 lb. (above) is watched by an attending male as she makes her leap in the River Test.

THE NINETY-NINTH ANNUAL ISLE OF THANET PLOUGHING MATCH : A general view of the scene at Monkton Court Farms, Minster-in-Thanet, during the competition for the two-horse, two-furrow plough class of the Isle of Thanet Ploughing Match in North-East Kent. A total of ninety-six tractors and horse ploughs took part in this popular event.

FOUR-HORSE PLOUGH BEATS TRACTORS : Raymon Shorter, the driver, and George Hewett, the ploughman, both of Minster, are seen with the four-horse team which beat thirteen tractors to win the Open Kent Championship Ploughing Class. The horses are Violet, Punch, Lion and Captain.

A PRESENTATION CEREMONY AT AN OPENING MEET : The scene at the kennels of the Whaddon Chase Hunt, at Ascott, Wing, Leighton Buzzard, Hertfordshire, when a presentation was made to the honorary secretary, Mr. G. Boyd Thomson, who is retiring after holding the office since 1946. He is seen standing on the wagon (left) with Mr. Laurie Stoddart, during the ceremony. On the right (mounted) is the Master, Mr. Dorian Williams.

FINE AUTUMN WEATHER FOR A COLOURFUL HARVEST IN ENGLAND'S SOUTH-WEST CORNER : The first Cornish anemones of the season are gathered in the flower fields at Pleming Farm, Long Rock, Penzance. Although the season is a little late in starting (this is due to the dry summer), the fields are covered with a colourful carpet of blooms. The anemone harvest is expected to be exceptionally good.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A GLORIOUS PAINTER

"Portrait of Vincent" is the Best Biography Yet of Van Gogh; Drobny's Autobiography; and a Selection of Other New Publications

VINCENT VAN GOGH was an example of a supreme artist who was also an impossible man either to understand or to like. The moving and wonderful exception to this was the devotion of his brother Theo. Even his parents seem to have felt incapable of showing him the simple, uncomplicated love of a father or a mother for a child, and Gauguin, for whom Vincent had such an overwhelming admiration and affection, found it impossible to sustain a close friendship. The fact that Vincent had attacked him with a knife on occasion can only be one reason for this, since Gauguin was tough, and had been known to end a violent argument with him with the words: "All right, Brigadier, have it your own way."

In spite of all his quirks, his violence, his phases of insanity and his contempt for cleanliness, there is no doubt in the world that van Gogh was a glorious painter, and wholly dedicated to his work. The circumstances of his life, in spite of his brother's constant help, were painful, and not even his genuine tenderness for children was allowed its place. PORTRAIT OF VINCENT (Chatto and Windus with Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is the best biography yet of this tormented genius, and Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson should have great praise for it.

CHAMPION IN EXILE (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is the autobiography of Jaroslav Drobny, and therefore as complete a contrast with the last book as could be imagined, except in so far as in the tennis world, too, there is hard work and struggle, and an almost blinkered concentration before there can be any achievement. Drobny was Wimbledon champion in 1954, a popular win if ever I have seen or heard one. His book is, naturally, often concerned with technicalities, but the impression one takes from its pages is as likable as the author's personality in action on the Centre Court.

Now for two books which deal respectively with an out-of-the-way place and an out-of-the-way manner of earning a living. In LAND OF THE TIKOLOSHE (Longmans. 15s.), Colonel J. B. Shephard writes about a region to the north-east of Cape Town, the Transkei, which is about the size of Switzerland, and to 1,500,000 Africans the most desirable country in the world. It is a land that is so far very little touched by such white men's marvels as electricity, industry or machinery, where the people are primitive and superstitious, and where an ox-drawn sledge counts for more than an aeroplane. It is also, judging from Colonel Shephard's description and his photographs, a country of great beauty.

ELEPHANT TRAMP (Peter Davies. 15s.) is the story of Mr. George "Slim" Lewis, as told to Mr. Byron Fish, and it is about a life more or less devoted to elephants from the time Slim Lewis was sixteen. He opted, as it were, for these pachyderms as a boy and has never been obliged to change his opinion since, working in circuses and zoos and, in this book, making the sound statement that: "Being a zoo attendant is about the only way you can settle in one place with a family and still have an elephant."

THE FIRST ICELANDER TO WIN THE NOBEL LITERARY PRIZE: Hr. Halldor Laxness is seen with the Swedish actress Gunnel Brostrom, who plays the leading part in the film version of his novel *Salka Valka*. He has been awarded the prize, of about £13,000, for "his descriptive epics which have renewed the great Icelandic art of narration." Hr. Laxness, who is in his early fifties and who has been proposed for the prize for eight years running, won the World Peace Council's prize in June, 1953.

BAMBOO AND BUSHIDO (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) has been published long after the events it records and, in many ways, is the better for that, because memories are so short and often so flaccid, and many of us who did not suffer them have forgotten the cruelties of the Japanese to their war prisoners; "that cruelty which has no frontier." Mr. A. G. Allbury, who has written this factual account of his experiences, was a young married man living in Catford when he volunteered early in 1939 and became one of those gunners who fought at Singapore and survived Japanese imprisonment and a torpedoing in the China Sea. He was the last survivor after six days on a raft without food or water, and eventually reached England, to find his home bombed out but a wonderful reunion with his family. "Now, twelve years later, I feel there is no virtue in forgetfulness, nor yet in ignorance." The wrapper of the book has been designed by Mr. Ronald Searle, also a prisoner of the Japanese, and it, too, is worth your notice.

There are some collections of short stories which are so rewarding that one wants to proclaim them long before—and more loudly than—the new and current novels. In this class is Mr. H. E. Bates' book, THE DAFFODIL SKY (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), It contains fifteen stories, almost every one an elegant little work of art, whether it deals with the small exigencies of entertaining, or the noble, inarticulate love of a mother for a loutish son, or the alarming vitality of a woman who likes to decorate houses—and leave them. I have only so far been able to read each story once, but I look forward with deep pleasure to returning to them, and to finding, all over again, one of England's most exquisite practitioners in this art.

A.D. 2500 (Heinemann. 15s.) includes the twenty-one prize-winning short stories in last year's competition in the *Observer*, the terms being that each story should not exceed 3,000 words and should be set a thousand years ahead. The winner was Mr. E. L. Malpass, with *The Return of the Moon-Man*, a brief, brilliant and witty treatment of a possible situation in Wales at that time, complete with Uncle Space-Ship-Repairs Jones, and Gran marrying Llewellyn Time Machine. "There is sly for you," says one character, and there is a worthy winner, I would add. In his introduction, Mr. Angus Wilson doubts whether science fiction is a subject for humour, but there 's wrong you are, Dai Wilson, bach.

The novels of the week open with more of a bang than a flash with the late Thomas Mann's CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), a book which he began as a young man and finished at the age of eighty, and which has been hailed as the great German comic novel. Whether or not one thinks of that as a contradiction in terms, this book is certainly of the greatest interest, partly as a last work, and partly because of the exuberance of some of the younger passages.

A KIND OF JUSTICE (Heinemann. 15s.), by Mr. Robert Gaines, is not comparable, nor should it be compared in any way. The writer has taken a strictly contemporary scene—post-war Whitehall and tribunals of investigation—and has treated it with evident familiarity and a nice sense of the dramatic. He has been less successful with the subsidiary love-interest, but, as one was constantly told in youth, you can't have everything.

The next two books are love-stories, frankly and emphatically, though in each the country background and its local characteristics have been stressed as well. THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE BRANCHES (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.) has been placed by Berta Lawrence in Somerset and in the Quantock Hills, admirably described, while the story itself deals with the problems of love and juvenile delinquency, good-time girls and stout hearts. Briskly handled with, above all, a really evocative sense of place.

LEEZIE LINDSAY (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is Mrs. Marie Muir's tale of Glasgow and the Clyde, but is less love among the lochs than among the linotypes, since the heroine is a good newspaper woman with a career as well as an unsuccessful love to foster. Sensitively written, and with an intuitive feeling for young people's private misgivings and uncertainties.

From Wales comes Mr. Jack Jones's CHORAL SYMPHONY (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), a vigorous and thoroughly endearing story of a patriarchal mine-owner, despotic but just, who dominates "his" town and "his" people. Because this is a novel of South Wales it is natural that there should be music in its making, and singing is as much part of its plot as the Welsh idiom or the emotion.

A MAN'S ESTATE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.) is Mr. Emyr Humphreys' new novel, again with a Welsh setting but far less direct in its approach, and far more, even in its themes of love, a matter for the head than the heart.

Mr. Edward Holstius writes of a little community, busy with summer visitors, bleak in winter, on the Californian coast north of San Francisco, in A SUMMER STORY (Heinemann. 15s.), which, I must confess, has none of the elements I would choose for a summer vacation myself—murder, suicide, alcoholism and malicious gossip. In spite of which it is a readable affair, even if it does suggest that it is time this English author chose an English setting.

AWAY ALL BOATS (Angus and Robertson. 16s.) is wholly American, for Mr. Kenneth Dodson has written a sea story about a transport ship used in Pacific landings, and has drawn on his own wartime experience of such a craft. Lusty, long and highly dramatic in a rough-hewn way.

BLOND VENUS: A Life of Marlene Dietrich (Macgibbon and Kee. 15s.) *is the story of the actress by Leslie Frewin. There is a fully illustrated and documented record of her films.*

YACHTING, A History (Batsford. 25s.), *by Peter Heaton, is a detailed account of the sport, dealing with its origins and ranging from the Stuart period to the "Modern" scene. There are illustrations from old prints, engravings and photographs.*

THE BOYS' COUNTRY BOOK (Collins. 15s.), *edited by John Moore, contains articles by enthusiastic experts on a host of outdoor subjects, including camping, fishing, gliding, underwater swimming, unusual holidays, climbing, messing about in boats, tracking and natural history.*

In **THE CONVERSION OF OLD BUILDINGS INTO NEW HOMES FOR OCCUPATION AND INVESTMENT** (Batsford. 45s.), *C. Bernard Brown offers help and advice to prospective and actual owners towards a practical and economical solution of the problems involved. It is profusely illustrated.*

THE SECRET OF HARRY BELL

A Crimean Soldier's Biography

Why did Harry Bell, of Belmont, nephew of Lieut.-General Sir Orwell Bell and scion of a noble family, ride one night into Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, and, to the subsequent horror of his friends and relations, enlist as a soldier? The aggravating part of Brian Stuart's enthralling biography HARRY BELL (Richard Bell. 14s.) is that the answer to this question, known in Harry's day only to Lord Magherafelt, is not vouchsafed to the reader. It is reserved for Volume Two in this vivid family history, and we are told in a neat little postscript, boxed on the final page, that it was left to Harry's grandson to stumble upon the truth eighty years after the hero's death. Secret or no secret, this is a book of absorbing interest.

When Harry Bell joined up with the rag, tag and bobtail of the Northern Irish counties he made his mark at once. Wise company commanders, who came to possess this treasure of a common soldier, with his knowledge of Latin, Greek, and half a dozen modern languages, soon had him in the orderly room ploughing through the welter of paper that was apparently just as fantastic a feature of the army of Crimean days as it is to-day. But Harry was not only a desk-bound soldier. He got shipped to the Crimea by a hideous mistake, one of a fatigue party which was embarked in error, and right through the war it was his fate to see our men battling not only against the Russians but against the chaotic inefficiency of that mad campaign. Harry was at the Alma, sitting on the grass all day with a field-glass and waiting for the order to advance while comrades fell in rows at the very cannon's mouth. Harry was in the Indian Mutiny, and wherever he went he sorted things out. Of his personal courage in the field there is ample testimony. It was at times a reckless courage no doubt linked with the secret that dogged his days.

Not only is the book remarkable for its pictures of military life. It contains also the charming portrait of a happily married man; for Ann Bell was a truly wonderful woman, a grand lady, with no airs and graces, and shared with her husband the possession of a large-hearted humanity and an infinite compassion.

Spain is full of surprise and in Spain a spiritual journey is always worth the risk. This is Chapman Mortimer's view, and in HERE IN SPAIN (Cresset Press. 21s.) he attempts, not without success, to prove its validity. One day you may be appalled by some apparently quite casual acceptance of reality, and the next day touched or even inspired by a hint of innocence and nobility that makes the whole world seem larger and more desirable. Spaniards, you mutter, are cruel, but an hour or two later you are surrounded by so much unabashed affection that you don't know what to say. Mr. Mortimer, with a vivid sense of people and places, and a no less vivid and creative imagination, has produced a memorable book based upon two years in the peninsula. His afternoon at the bull-fight may even explain to some Spaniards the special *nuances* of the corrida, with all its perfections of technique, and how the planting of a pair of darts into the bull's hide is made even more of a miracle than the pirouettings of a Len Shackleton before a Sunderland crowd. Certain it is that Mr. Mortimer has a strong personal feeling for modern Spain, with all its grandeurs and miseries, its essentially fine people, at once patient, grave, and dignified.

Kenneth Poolman's story of the *Kelly* was a fine piece of naval recording. Now he follows it up with ILLUSTRIOUS (William Kimber. 16s.), an account of the veteran carrier of the Mediterranean and Far East battles of the Second World War. With the help of the men who served in her, and, in particular, of one officer who commanded a squadron of her aircraft, the author re-creates the assaults on Surabaya, Port Blair, and Okinawa, and also the earlier days of Taranto and the Malta convoys, when Britons clung to every shred of good news amid the toll of disaster.

Here is a new kind of anthology, an anthology of eye-witness stories by the world's great explorers, pioneers and adventurers. MAN AGAINST NATURE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) is edited by Charles Neider, and when Christmas comes along it will almost certainly be a best-seller. Lindbergh, Edmund Hillary, Robert Falcon Scott, Thor Heyerdahl, Albert Schweitzer, and George Custer are among the great names, past and present, which help to make this volume an omnibus of heroism, suspense and excitement.

A MOUNTAIN CALLED NUN (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is yet another addition to the tales of exploits in high places. Bernard Pierre is the author. The expedition to Kashmir's second-highest peak was in 1953, and Nun Kun (23,410 ft.) as a result became the highest peak yet scaled by a woman, Claude Kogan. She reached the summit with Pierre Vittoz. This is a well-told tale of courage and endurance.

BIRD AND BUTTERFLY MYSTERIES (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.) is Bernard Acworth's scholarly new work on the realities of migration. Much that he has to say possesses a true note of controversy, and the author exposes with brilliant reasoning what he deems to be some of the great fallacies surrounding the habits of birds and butterflies. The introduction is by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald.

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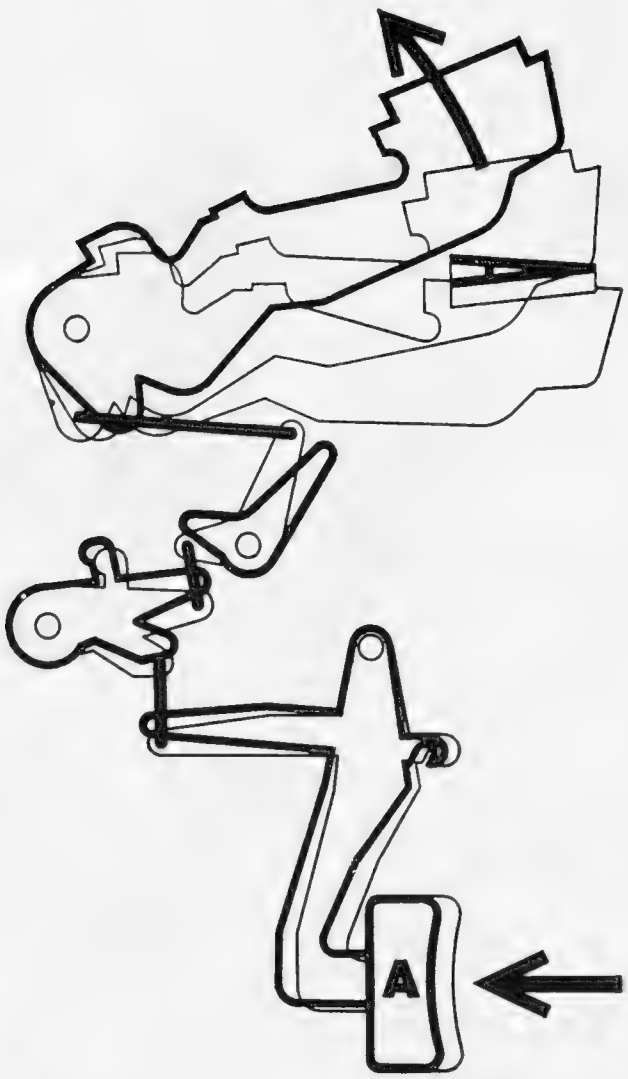
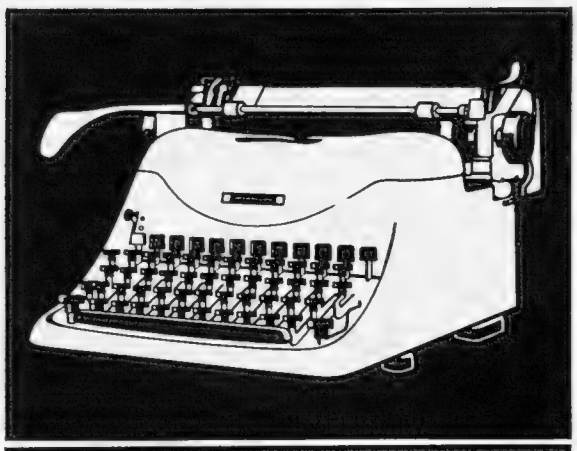


in the office

Lexikon



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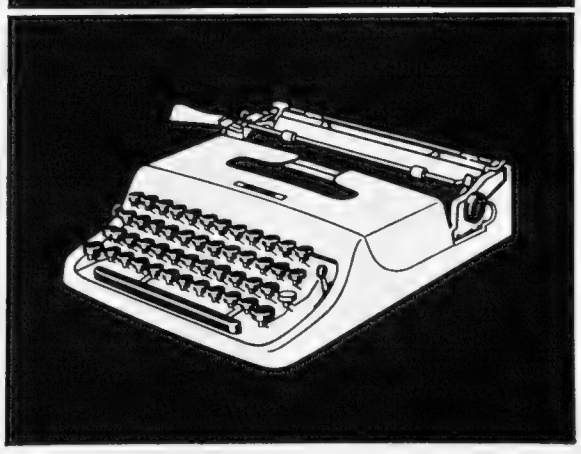

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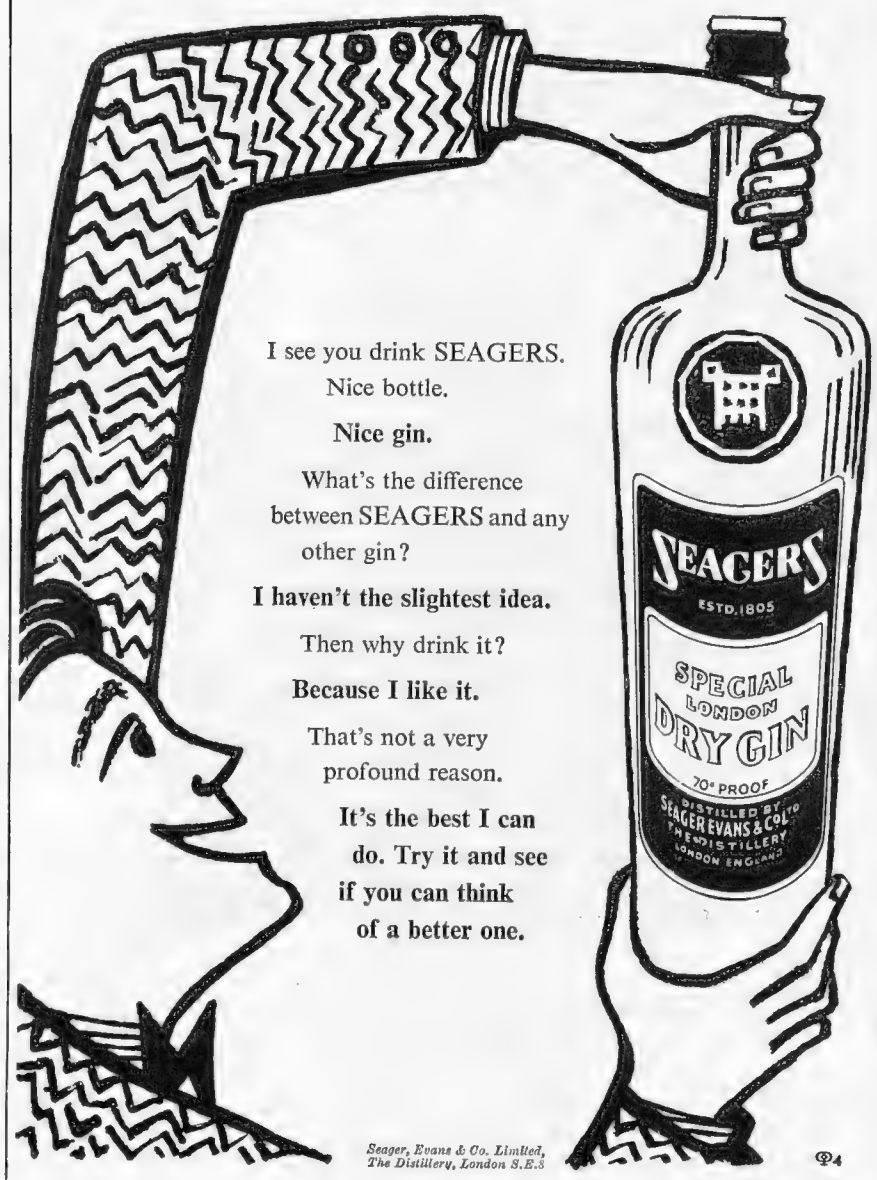

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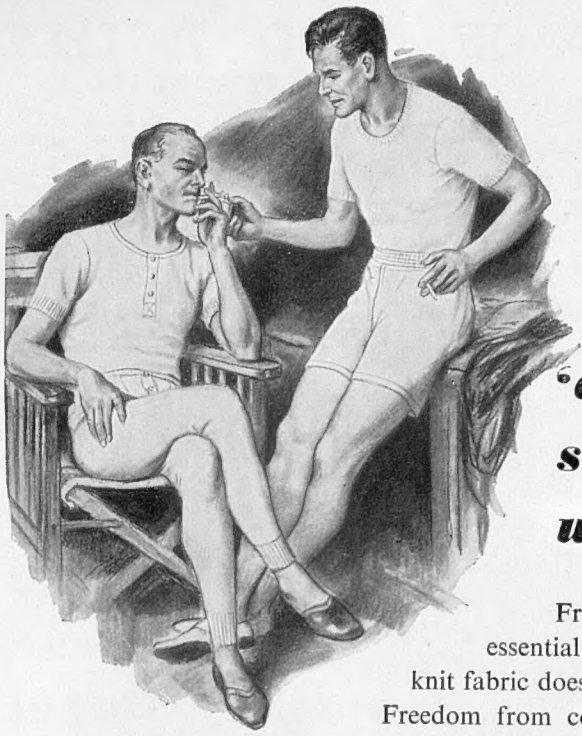

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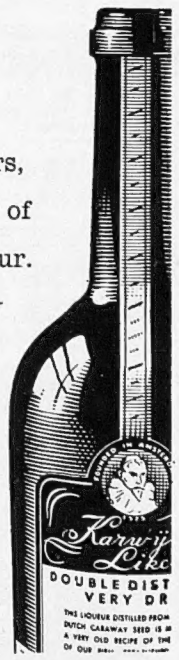

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I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund (Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S.), at the Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that the Treasurer's receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THERE are many who, without homes of their own, seek a residential type of hotel where warmth, comfort and homely fare are a *sine qua non*. I think it is important in seeking winter quarters that first one should decide on the district in which one would like to settle, and then find an hotel that really caters for winter residents, rather than one which just keeps open for the sake of any chance traveller. My own personal view, and it is shared by my wife, is that if we had not a home of our own we should take the opportunity of settling in a different county each winter, and on those many occasions when a spell of crisp, dry weather comes along would set out from our base to explore the hidden gems to the left and right, front and rear of our temporary winter home.

Take Somerset, for example. We would make our first winter base at the Woodcote Hotel, Dulverton, that picturesque little township which nestles on the sheltered border-line of Devon and Somerset. Woodcote Hotel has everything in its favour for winter residence. It is cosy and snug, friendly and homely, and in the inglenook of the comfortable lounge it is surprising how many varied activities arise in the general conversation. Some may have been out to follow a near-by meet of stag or foxhounds; others have been motoring around Exmoor, and over to Lynmouth, Porlock and Minehead. Another day a shopping expedition to Taunton or Exeter by train or bus has featured in the evening's conversation. It is important that, in the winter home of your choice, you should be sure of sympathy and helpfulness in the background, should illness confine you to bed. At Woodcote even if it is only the common cold, Mrs. Hoyle has that right human touch which makes no bones about meals in bedrooms and, if necessary, a special diet.

To explore a county thoroughly one must have two or three bases; for those who, like ourselves, have an exploratory make-up, we suggest, after a month or so at Dulverton, a drive on to view Somerset from another angle. So our next winter haven would be the Garth Country Hotel, Axbridge, which stands on a ridge of the Mendips, completely sheltered from north and east and with extensive views over the plains to Dunkery Beacon in the distant background. Then, for a breath of sea air, we could run over to Weston-super-Mare, visit Bath and Bristol for shopping, and return each night to the Garth Hotel assured that Mr. and Mrs. Orton would have the fires stoked up, delight us with first-class homely fare, and later retire to a clean, comely bedroom. Here again, sympathetic attention, should winter's ills assert themselves, would be our lot.

There is hardly a county in Britain where I cannot point to an homely, warm hotel where one can ride out the worst that winter can offer. Sea or country, north, south, east or west, tell me where you would like to winter, and perhaps I can supply the solution to your problems.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

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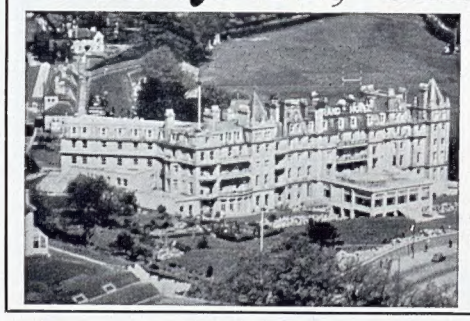

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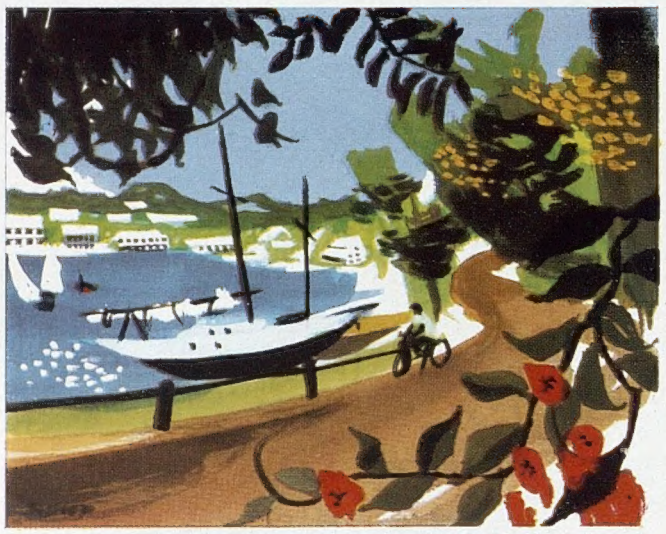

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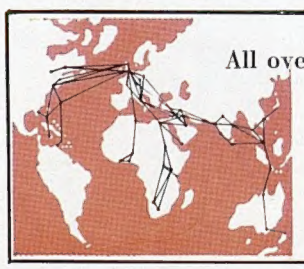

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